Periodical
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The Forum

JANUARY 1922

EUGENICS AND THE UNEDUCATED

By HAVELOCK ELLIS

WHAT remains to a legitimate eugenics movement", I read to-day in one of the best and most intelligent of American journals, "when the race problem is dropped from its programme?" It is a reasonable question to ask. At a time when the eugenics programme of many eager would-be eugenists contains so many items that had better be dropped, one may well ask what remains.

As I am one of those who, like Dr. R. H. Lowie, the writer of the article I have quoted, believe that much remains, I should be glad to state here the grounds and the nature of my eugenic faith. And in the first place it is important to clear away the rubbish that merely encumbers the ground on which a sound eugenic faith has to be built up.

The race problem, with which some have sought to obscure the eugenic problem, may indeed be eliminated at the outset. It is another question, and a question only profitable for the historian to consider. Even apart from

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the important fact that there is probably not a single person of really pure race to be found anywhere, the eugenist as such is not concerned to decide which is the best race, nor even to assume that any race is better, taken all around, than any other race. There is something to be said for every race, and the more to be said the better we learn to know it. The preference for one race above another is little but the outcome of prejudice, usually due to the fact that one believes, rightly or wrongly, that one possesses oneself a strain of that preferred racial blood. The eugenist is not called upon to prefer one race above all others and to work for the extinction of the others. If we come to that, it is quite likely that, on a referendum being called, the darker races of our earth, who happen to be in a large majority, might vote for the extinction of the white race, and, moreover, find many excellent reasons for that decision. Ultimately, we are bound to conclude, pigmentation is a question of exposure to the sun's rays, whether ingrained in race by natural selection or acquired heredity; it is a problem, not for the eugenist but for the biological anthropologist. The eugenist, whether the dark-skinned eugenist or the white-skinned, is not called upon to make any decision in the matter. He is simply called upon to improve the stock of the race within which he belongs. So far as Europe is concerned, and the lands which have been peopled by migrations from Europe, there are, as we know, three main races, though it might be possible to reduce them ultimately still further: the Mediterranean Race, of dark long-heads, the Nordic, or, as it might be better to call it, the Baltic Race, of fair long-heads, and, as a wedge driven in between these two from the East, the Alpine Race, round-heads of medium pigmentation. Each of these races finds its partisans, especially among those persons who believe that they themselves belong to it. The Mediterraneans may claim that they are the pioneers in human civilization and progress, the larger part of classic antiquity and the still more ancient cultures on which that antiquity was

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founded, being to their credit; the Alpines boast their proficiency in the arts of peace and point to the fact that the man of genius tends to approximate to their type, whether or not of their race; the Nordics claim to be the most adventurous and the most warlike. It is the Nordics who have been loudest of all in proclaiming their own superior virtues, above all, in Germany, but also to some extent in France and in England and in America.* It may perhaps be permitted to a largely Nordic person (ancestrally rooted, that is to say, in a mainly Nordic region) to take a more reasonable and impartial view.

There are some persons, today, who loudly deplore the approaching extinction of the Nordic Race, for they believe, on the most dubious grounds, that it is perishing. But without the least wish to deny the great achievement of the Nordic peoples in the world of the past, it is possible to see that the Nordics possess many qualities which in our modern world are mischievous. It was, for instance, largely the lust for conquest, the ferocious procreative instinct, the immoderate greed for wealth, the cunning intrigues of the Nordic peoples, not on one side only but on both sides, which led up to the recent Great War. If there is any likelihood of the Nordic Race leaving the earth, it is to be feared that many will be overheard to murmur: "Thank God!"†

These, however, are not problems which directly concern the eugenist as such. It is really sufficient for him to know that, excellent or pernicious as Nordic blood may be, we scarcely can find it unmixed, but nearly always blended with Alpine or Mediterranean stocks or both, and that when we do find it comparatively pure, we find people who are of little account in the world. The same, indeed,

* The loose and inaccurate statements into which even a moderate champion of a pure Nordic race may fall have lately been well illustrated by Professor McDougall in his Lowell lectures: "Is America Safe for Democracy?"

† Professor Nicefero, the distinguished Italian sociologist, in a learned book entitled "I Germani," full of sound facts and sound arguments, has dealt faithfully with the too extravagant claims of Nordic champions.

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may be said also of the Alpines and the Mediterraneans. Wherever any of these three races are comparatively pure, whether in Sardinia, or in the isolated mountainous districts of the Central European Highlands, or in remote Northern regions, we are in the presence of people who have been left behind in the race and have achieved nothing. It is the hybrids who have come to the front, not only as individuals but also as nations. Germany, France, Great Britain, the Scandinavian countries, Russia, and Holland—that is to say, the chief lands in which there is a large Nordic element—also possess a large Alpine or Mediterranean element, if not both. This is notably so as regards France and England. In both these countries all these races are blended, and that, without doubt, is a large part of the secret of their powers of achievement in the world. It is open to the narrow-minded partisan to assert that one race alone in the blend is the superior element. This has been amusingly illustrated in England during recent years. Before the Great War it was commonly believed that this superior element was the Nordic. But the War caused many people to think that terrible vices might be inherent in the Nordic Race, and so-called anthropologists came forward to assert that the English nation was largely of Mediterranean Race. They were quite right. If Spain and Italy had joined in the War on the opposing side, these same people would have come forward to declare that, after all, the English nation was largely of Alpine Race. They would still be quite right. Eugenics, properly understood, has nothing whatever to do with these foolish squabbles. It accepts the race of a human stock, or its blend of races; it desires that the stock shall produce the finest results of which it may be capable.

We must not only dismiss from eugenics the endeavor to foster one particular race of mankind under the impression that it is superior to all other races, we must also refrain from trying to cultivate, within the race, only one particular type of individual man as our exclusive ideal.

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It has taken some time to understand this point. Even Galton, the founder of modern eugenics, so moderate and reasonable in most of his demands, was inclined at first to think that we should actively seek to promote the production of the best stocks. There are two possible divisions of eugenics: positive eugenics, directed to the improvement of good stocks, and negative eugenics, directed to the repression of bad stocks. In 1901 Galton thought that to increase the productivity of the best stocks is far more important than to repress the productivity of the worst. But seven years later he declared that this latter task of repressing the worst stocks is "unquestionably the more pressing subject." It is evident that he was on the way to the conclusion that it is negative eugenics with which alone we can be, directly that is to say, actively concerned. It must not, however, be supposed, that Galton had an unduly limited conception of what the "worth" of good stocks meant. One has heard it stated by ignorant persons that he advocated an ideal of civic worth which would shut out from life all who were not stodgy, narrow, commercially-minded and probably hypocritical Philistines. It was not so. Galton himself remarked that "Society would be very dull if every man resembled Marcus Aurelius or Adam Bede,"* and he even asserted that in ascertaining the desirable hereditary qualities "we must leave morality as far as possible out of the discussion," for otherwise we entangle ourselves in hopeless difficulties, since goodness or badness of character is not absolute but merely relative to the current form of civilization. Health, energy, ability, courteous disposition were the desirable qualities on which Galton insisted, since "all creatures would agree that it was better to be healthy than sick, vigorous than weak, well-fitted than ill-fitted for their part in life." He summed up the three eugenically desir-

* Bateson, similarly, in his characteristically pungent way (Herbert Spencer Lecture on "Biological Fact and the Structure of Society") remarks that "if we picture to ourselves the kind of persons who would infallibly be chosen as examples of 'civic worth' the prospect is not very attractive. We need not for the present fear any scarcity of that class, and I think we may be content to postpone schemes for their multiplication."

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able qualities as physique, ability, and character, and he put character last, though in real importance it stands first of all, because of the difficulty in rating character justly.

In putting aside positive eugenics, to which so much importance was once attached, I was careful not to say that it is the *direct* furtherance of good stocks that we are called upon to avoid. Even by devoting ourselves directly to negative eugenics we are thereby really effecting much for positive eugenics, more indeed than we could possibly hope to achieve by more direct efforts. This in two ways, the one material, the other what I should like to call spiritual.

The material way is that by accumulating among us, as for a century we have been actively doing, all those who are in any category of unfitness, enabling them to be procreated, guarding them on every side from disease and death, protecting them and supporting them in expensive institutions, we are placing an ever greater burden on the fit, who, the more fit they are, the larger the burden they are thus called upon to bear, so that if they exercise foresight—and foresight is one of the chief qualities which constitute fitness—they are compelled to consider how far they can themselves play a procreative part in the world. The result is that, as compared with the less fit, they are ever taking a relatively smaller part in the reproduction of the race. By working towards the elimination of the unfit we are indirectly lifting a great weight off the fit and conferring upon them far more power than we could hope to impart by direct action.

The evils on the spiritual plane which are inflicted on the fit by the growing predominance of the unfit are even more serious, especially in democratic lands where it is quantity rather than quality of votes which is the decisive factor. It is to the shortsightedness, the callousness, the selfishness, the greediness, the hysteria of the unfit majority that the evils of the human world in any age, its criminal wars, its sometimes yet more criminal peaces, and all its manifold disorders, are to a considerable extent due, and in

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all these evils it is the fit, and sometimes the fit first of all and above all, who are called upon to suffer. Nor is it only in the major evils of the world, in its minor evils also, the unfit are forever exerting a limiting and depressing pressure on the fit. Their illegitimate activities are constantly making impossible the legitimate activities of the fit. All the immense web of by-laws and regulations which society is weaving and binding round itself, is merely meant to restrain the unfit, although in so doing it also restrains the reasonable activities of the fit. It is easy to give examples: I note one in the newspapers of today. The Countess of Derby, I read, finding the chestnuts in her park so plentiful this season, resolved to share the harvest with her neighbors and threw open the park to the public with permission to gather the nuts. But she speedily had cause to repent: so much damage was done to the plantations and fences that she was compelled to close the park and invoke the services of the police. The unfit were unable to see that their selfish and mischievous activities were curtailing even their own privileges, and the fit were compelled to suffer for offences they had not committed. It is a process which, in one field or another, is going on unceasingly.

There is yet another item to be eliminated from every sane programme of eugenics, and that is the mania for appealing to legislation. It is common, indeed, but sometimes mischievous, and usually futile. We do not know enough to legislate on eugenic schemes, and even if we knew more we cannot legislate ahead of public opinion, because our laws will be evaded, while if public opinion is educated up to the level of the laws, those laws will be superfluous. All this has been well illustrated in the United States. It has even been demonstrated that eugenic measures which are quite probably beneficial may be hindered rather than helped when they are embodied in legislation. The sterilization of persons whose offspring is found to be harmful to a community may, it is quite likely, be a desirable measure. It was introduced in Switzerland some fifteen years

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ago and practised, without any legislation being required, in cases where all the parties concerned gave their consent. That is a sensible and proper way of practising sterilization. It has been so practised on a considerable scale in America. But thereupon a dozen states began to put sterilization laws on their statute books, and it was recorded, six years ago, that the operations performed under the laws up to that time had not equalled the number performed before the enactment of such laws. The clumsily made laws had hindered, rather than aided, a useful measure.* Sterilization ought not to be degraded into a kind of punishment and enforced. It ought rather to be regarded as a high privilege to be permitted to make what may seem a sacrifice—though it is a sacrifice with many compensations—in the cause of social and racial welfare. A more reasonable view on this matter is indeed beginning to prevail, and here America is the pioneer. During recent years with increasing frequency men of high character and intellectual attainments have undergone sterilization as the most satisfactory form of birth-control when, for whatever reason, they do not desire further to increase the size of their families, and they find, even after many years, that they have every reason to be well content with the results. The practice has now been introduced into England.† That there may be a small proportion of cases in which compulsion for eugenic ends, backed by law, is desirable, when all other methods fail, is possible. But we are still far indeed from having exhausted all other methods.

There is yet another form of activity which, immensely important as it is even in its influence on eugenics, we must refrain from including under eugenics, and that is the amelioration of the environment. There are two ways in which we can work socially for the good of mankind:

* H. H. Laughlin, "The Legal Aspects of Sterilization," Eugenics Record Office Bulletin, No. 10B., Cold Spring Harbor, 1914.

† There are still some, even so-called scientific men, who imagine that sterilization by vasectomy has deteriorating effects of a physical or mental kind. There is not the slightest ground for such a notion. It seems indeed to be the reverse of the truth.

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by acting on heredity and by acting on environment. They have been ingeniously termed eugenics and euthenics. Others term the two ways that of Nature and that of Nurture, though this terminology is not very sound, for the main object of Nature, teleologically speaking, is Nurture, and there is nothing in Nurture which is not ultimately in Nature. There can indeed, at the roots, be no conflict between eugenics and euthenics. Each form of social activity is equally necessary; both are indispensable. To dispute whether one is more important than the other is to carry absurdity to its extreme limits. It is a discussion just about as profitable as a discussion on the problem whether our legs are more useful than our arms. It remains true that the task of the eugenist is distinct from that of the euthenist. Each must walk along his own lines and in his own field. The more faithfully each keeps within his own sphere the more completely will be revealed the beautiful harmony between them, and the more powerfully will each be found to aid the other.

You eliminate racial competition from eugenics, one may be told, you eliminate positive eugenics, you eliminate compulsory eugenics by law, you eliminate action on the environment—why, what is there left? There is very much left, so much that it might well fill all our lives and still take centuries to accomplish.

Galton, to whom I once more appeal—for modern eugenics owes far more to him than its name—was accustomed to declare that it is the task of eugenics to act upon public opinion. That itself is a never-ending task, for opinion, to be effective, has to become so deeply rooted as to be entwined with the instincts, and so to be a guide to action. It might be supposed indeed that the pathos of eugenics is pleasant, for as the eugenically fit people are the attractive people and the unfit the unattractive, to bid youths and maidens to fall in love only with the fit seems a piece of advice that it is not hard to follow, provided there is sufficient insight to discriminate between genuine attractiveness

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and its merely meretricious and superficial counterfeits. But, as we know, it is less easy than it seems, for, in civilization, there are many qualities other than eugenic attractiveness which prove seductive, some of them qualities which also prove fatal to the mate who is seduced by them. Evidently public opinion has still much progress to make.

Moreover, there is at times a more intrinsic difficulty in the fact that there are at least three qualities—physique, ability, character—that go to make up "fitness." Ability and character, for instance, may sometimes prove attractive when there is no physique to speak of, and when this happens various problems arise. Is this attraction a justifiable instinct? Should it lead to marriage? If so, should it also lead to children? And if not, what measures ought to be adopted?

It is evident that the growth of public opinion, however sound and instinctively operative a conscience it might in time implant in the heart, is not enough. To deal with the difficult problems that arise, intelligence and knowledge are required, and these cannot be secured in a day. A greater degree of intelligence is, indeed, itself one of the gifts which we may hope some day to secure through eugenics, and knowledge can only be slowly built up. On one point, certainly, knowledge—and practice in accordance with knowledge—has been accumulated and widely disseminated during the past century, especially the last half century, and that is in regard to birth-control. It is worth mentioning that point here because, although eugenics can by no means be reduced to birth-control, it is yet vitally true that without birth-control there can under modern conditions be no eugenics. Eugenics without birth-control is simply a castle in the air, a beautiful vision in the clouds no doubt, but not to be brought to earth. Birth-control is the only instrument vouchsafed to civilized men, whereby, from the infinite possibilities of brutal procreation, may be carved the great race of the future.

It is knowledge, as well as good-will, that is needed to

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learn how to use that instrument wisely. The field that opens before us is large. And a more fruitful field than that of biological genetics could not well be found. Not all may be equipped to explore it. But every man, if he will take the small trouble needed to acquire the necessary data will find in his own family and ancestry a fascinating study full alike of interest and profit. Every honest investigation, however narrow, helps to build up the great watch-tower for whose heights the paths of a new race can be traced in the future. We cannot all learn to be wise, but we can all learn to know and to will in accordance with knowledge. With so noble a task before us it matters little that there are still some among us content to wreak folly and destruction. Their time may be short. The path is slowly growing clearer. The future is to those who have the insight to see it, the skill and the energy to work towards it.

THERE'S AN END

By EDMUND LEAMY

There's an end to all things—
  To joy, to laughter,
To love and the tears
  That follow after.
The house shall topple
  From cellar to rafter.

Now that the idyl
  Is crumpled and broken,
The cruel little words
  So casually spoken,
Our hearts divested
  Of love's last token,

This is a glad
  Little phrase to borrow—
"There's an end to all things,
  For even sorrow
Will melt in laughter
  Some tomorrow."

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"DEAR DEAD WOMEN"

By MAURICE HEWLETT

CONSOLATORIES, as Milton says, are writ in the hearts of men, and one of them surely is that human nature is substantially the same throughout space and time, whether you take the wings of the morning—the day-before-yesterday morning—or fly to central Africa, or remote Asia. *"Vere novo,"* said the schoolboy; "it is true, I know it," man has been constant to his nature (which I fear is inconstancy) since he gnawed bones in a neolithic pit-dwelling. Since that day of obscure dawn he has been a clamative beast; and woman has been bountiful. If it is not consoling to know that we are no worse than we used to be I misread the signs of the times.

To obtain that consolation I suppose there is little that we would not give for the diary of a lady, say, of the court of Edward the Confessor. I shun exaggerations, but knowing my own need of comfort in this desolate world, I believe I would give one of my eyes—provided I could be sure of keeping the other, and, of course, that the diary was beyond suspicion. Even then, unless the document was as minute in detail at least as Pepys', I should feel that I had been cheated out of a member, and should die with a grievance. I suggest Edward the Confessor because, with my eyes *in situ,* I actually have a thing of the kind at my elbow now.

It is a book called "Diaries of Court Ladies of Old Japan," and has been translated by Annie Shepley Omori and Kochi Doi (Houghton Mifflin Company). Three diaries are included (I wish there had been three thousand) of which the first, called (I can't find out why) "The

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Sarashima Diary," was written by the daughter of Fujiwara Takasué between A. D. 1009 and 1059; the second, which is Murasaki Shikibu's, covers the dates 1007 to 1010; and the third, Izumi Shikibu's, is for the two years 1002-1003. Edward the Confessor? They will take you back to Ethelred the Unready. Is that not a marvelous thing? Nothing is marvelous—or everything is—coming from Japan.

Shikibu, it is as well to explain, is a title, not a name: the two diarists were not sisters, nor in any way related. Murasaki was lady-in-waiting to Queen Akiko, and incidentally a famous novelist! Izumi, on the other hand, was the greatest woman poet Japan has had. I don't know why the lady novelist startles me more than the lady poet. She would not today; but in Ethelred's time—! It is on a level, however, with all that we know of their extraordinary, not to say superhuman, country; and that, in the time of Ethelred and Saint Dunstan, the Japanese should have had a poetess and a lady novelist, is, as the saying runs, going strong. How strong the poetess in particular was going—not to say, going it—is revealed in her diary, which contains as much of her poetry as of her prose, the one as charming as the other. But Murasaki, the lady novelist, takes her novel—it was in about forty volumes—for granted, and confines herself, but most beautifully, to the court ceremonies incident to the birth of a prince to the reigning house, and her reflections and sensations obtained from them. We can parallel the tedious formalities of her ceremonial with the dreary rubbish heaps of that Marquis de Dangeau who diarized the court of Louis XIV in nine or ten volumes. But how wonderfully finer is the Japanese lady's chronicle, of six hundred years earlier! How delicate are her reactions, how closely recorded! How beautiful, how sensitive to sight, sound, smell, is the soul she reveals to us! This is how she opens:

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> As the autumn season approaches the Tsuchimikado (that is, the house where the queen awaited her confinement) becomes

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> inexpressibly smile-giving. The tree tops near the pond, the bushes near the stream, are dyed in various tints whose colors grow deeper in the yellow light of evening. The murmuring sound of waters mingles all the night through with the never-ceasing recitation of sutras (prayers) which appeal to one's heart as the breezes grow cooler.

Dangeau wrote up his diary every autumn at Fontainebleau. Did he ever notice the sights or sounds of the forest in its fall? He did not.

> It is still the dead of night, the moon is dim, and *darkness lies under the trees.* We hear an officer call: "The outer doors of the Queen's apartment must be opened. The maids-of-honor are not yet come—let the Queen's secretaries come forward." While this order is being given the three o'clock bell resounds, *startling the air.* Immediately the prayers at the five altars begin. . . .

That is marvelous writing, both accurate and sensitive. Who among us, *tempore Regis Edwardi,* would have noticed how a sudden bell "startled the night," or how, in moonlight, the shadow under trees deepens the darkness? How many of us would notice them now?

> When night came we had beautiful dances (this is after the birth of the prince). The names of the dances performed were "The Pleasures of Ten Thousand Ages", "The Pleasures of a Peaceful Reign", "The Happy Palace". When they danced "The Long-Pleasing Son", the closing one, they went out singing and danced along the road beyond the garden hills. As they went farther away the sound of flute and drum mingled with the sound of wind in the pinewood towards which they were going. The garden brook, cleansed very carefully, was refreshing to us, *and the sound of the water rippling on the pond gave us a chilly feeling.*

These people are Æolian harps. And here is another "consolatory" for us—that "The Long-Pleasing Son," danced in A. D. 1007, was danced at the coronation of the present Emperor of Japan in A. D. 1915. Tradition like that, a wonderful thing, the wisdom of the ages still vocal in us, may exist in Europe, for it is the last thing to die. But we are quite unconscious of it. I believe that they have a

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sword dance in Northumberland which can be recognized as the ritual of human sacrifice, as a *Sacre du Printemps* in fact. That deeply interesting truth, if truth it be, has had to be divined by somebody who has given nights and days of study to the like of it. In Japan, however, tradition is still green, conscious of its greenness, still in action. History there lies less in books than in the present deeds of men.

Our people have changed, we hope for the better, but theirs not for a thousand years—or if they have, then surely for the worse. But we are not even yet where they were when we were living like animals, "in the sensual sty." Not that the men and women of Murasaki's daily acquaintance were above infirmities—far from that. Men got drunk, and ladies too fond, or too kind, in A. D. 1007, even in Japan.

> The ladies, thinking that after all the intoxicated men were only trying to seem young and irresistible, made light of their behavior, and said: "It is nothing, nobody else will behave so." ... The King's Adviser, leaning in a corner, was flirting with Lady Hyobu. The Prime Minister did not forbid even unmentionable jokes.

The Prime Minister, I regret to find, was "much intoxicated"; yet he improvised a poem in honor of the prince which "had feeling, for it came from his innermost desire." In England, just then, men "died as they stood at their drink," or gorged themselves with lampreys and died "of a surfeit." Their poems, if any, were like "Beowulf" or the "Roman de Rou." I must close Lady Murasaki's diary with an instance of her susceptibility to impressions, to find a western parallel for which I should have to travel to the nineteenth century:

> On the twentieth day of the Frost-month the dance of Gosetchi was performed. . . . Torches were lighted in close rows along the outer doors of the eastern veranda, so there was day-brightness, and it was really awkward to wait there. I felt for the girls, but it was not they only who were embarrassed. Young nobles looked at the girls face to face, almost bringing the lights down in front of them. They tried to draw the curtain before

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themselves, but in vain, and the nobles' eyes were still on them. *My heart throbs even at the memory of it.*

Match me that in any one but Dorothy Wordsworth, *mutatis mutandis.*

Izumi Shikibu's diary relates a love affair. Many a girl of ours, poet or not, might feel it as delicately, but not one, poet or not, could reveal it as she does, so that the reader apprehends it all, from its tremulous dawn to its slow unfolding as of some flower in the heat. She tells the tale in the third person, and gives the poems which passed between the lovers. I am no judge of Japanese poetry, even when the translation is as good as it is here. It is more allusive than English will usually bear, and symbolizes very much that, to our understanding, it would be better without. Izumi, we have been told, became famous; yet to me it seems that Prince Sochi-no-miya, the lover, is quite as good as she. His approach to her—after a proper interval to allow for her time of mourning for the former possessor of her heart—was made by means of a spray of flowers, taken to her by a page. She acknowledged the gift in a poem, and earned one in reply. Further literary exchanges led to a visit from him. He came "in a humble palanquin" and caused himself to be announced by his page. She placed a cushion for him in the veranda, but remained herself within the house. "While they were talking the moon shone out, and it became uncomfortably bright." He thought it "embarrassing," or said so. "Let me come in where you are sitting. I will not be rude as others are."

Thus lightly talking, the night advanced. "Shall we spend the night this way?" He asked:

"The night passes,
We dream no faintest dream—
What shall remain to me of this summer night?"

She: *"Thinking of the world,*
Sleeves wet with tears are my bedfellows.
Calmly to dream sweet dreams—
There is no night for that."

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He: "I am not a person who can leave my house easily. You may think me rude, but my feeling for you grows ardent." And he crept into the room. Felt horribly embarrassed, but conversed together, and at daybreak he returned.

That was the way of it. It is like a summer night's dream spun in gossamer. One needs space in which to unfold it, and a skill equal to the lady's own, lest anything taken away should leave a rent in the beautiful fabric.

We are apt to doubt whether the Japanese are of our species, as we understand human nature. They neither look to be, nor talk as if they were. But contemplating their art, studying their literature, and now, I may add, reading their hearts, we conclude—so much the worse for human nature if they are not.

SLUMBER SHIPS

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

Wide sails in shadow move before the moon
From far-off harbors where the winds are low,
And fragrance floods white beach and blue lagoon
Where all is as God made it long ago.
These are the slumber ships that once were ours
When we were little children, and from far
They brought us dreams like opened bales of flowers—
Each ship whose mast-light was an early star.

O have you bowed above a child that sleeps
And caught the sweetness of those cargoes sent
With shadowed sails moved on the starry deeps?
If so, came back the olden wonderment
And you have whispered, "May the dreams come true,"
Even as some one whispered over you.

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THE END OF A GREAT ARTIST

By ARTHUR SYMONS

"WHAT malady is comparable with that of alcohol?" These words Edgar Poe wrote, some time before he was found, drugged and stupefied, in one of the rum shops used for voting, then taken to the hospital, where he expired, in an alarming delirium. His nerve created his genius, and therefore only nervous writers have never understood him. By his caprices, his fantastic follies, his exasperations, his natural insolence, his passionate excitations, his bitter satire, his fashion of annihilating deserved and undeserved reputations; by the fact that he had not enough grip in his constitution to live wisely; that his evil star inevitably doomed him to a tragic death; by what are called his delinquencies in regard to morals; for such propensities as these he has been generally misunderstood.

In Lautrec's case, there were delinquencies enough in all conscience, certainly not against morals as they are usually understood—or (as I have said) misunderstood: but absolute, but to him fatal and most necessary, but to him part of his overwhelming temperament, but to him part of his admitted abnormality. He had used, indeed abused, too many spirituous liquors: he had taken too little care to preserve, on another side, that body of his that had served him, so far, prodigiously. It was not through excess of drink, it was through excess of living, in a word it was through all his excesses, that he let himself be ruined.

Baudelaire in his "Notes on Poe" in which he reveals Poe's genius and defects in as irrefutable a fashion as that

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of the Sphinx without an Enigma, refers to an unknown power, *un penchant primordial,* which makes inexplicable the actions—good and evil—of men of genius. This primitive, irresistible force is that form of perversity which makes man ceaselessly homicidal and suicidal, assassin and hangman; for, it has been said with a remarkably satanical subtlety, the impossibility of finding a sufficient motive for certain evil and perilous actions might lead us to consider them as the result of the Devil's suggestions, if experience and history had not taught us, that God often derives from these the establishment of order and the chastisement of criminals:—*après s'être servi des mêmes coquins comme des complices! tel est le mot qui se glisse, je l'avoue, dans mon esprit, comme un sousentendu aussi perfide qu'inevitable.*

Perversity! the most sublime and the most sinister word that exists, is, for one thing, *un penchant primordial,* and, for another, "the primal need," and, for another, men's greed after women, women's greed after men; it exists in violent animal peace and in the stirrings of the blood; in all the sexual instincts; in all the appetites; in the imagination and in the creator's nerves. I do not admit for one instant that there was an equal perversity in Poe and in Lautrec: for, as I have said, the elements of their perversity were elementally unlike. And, for my part (without disguising what has always been in me a peculiar kind of perversity), neither man nor woman, book nor picture, scent nor savor, that has none of this quality, can give me the fascination I require. Can one imagine a Dusé, a Lautrec, a Rodin, a John, a Pachmann—to name four of the greatest artists I have known, all with their different kinds of genius—without Perversity?

In 1899 Lautrec's eccentricities become so notorious that most people suppose him to be absolutely mad. He is not exactly that, in spite of the insanity in his veins; he is more than ever the prey of his hallucinations in which there are long intervals of lucidity; in the meanwhile he has

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been sent to the house of Dr. Samalque at Saint James. I find from a letter written to me by Ernest Dowson, Hôtel de St. Malo, Paris, March seventh, 1899, the exact date in regard to Lautrec's entrance into Saint James. "I am intrigued by your card. It is from a serious Belgian consulate or a jest from Dublin? If it is the former, I can only imagine that Leopold has discovered my merit and decided on decorating me. Toulouse-Lautrec, you will be sorry to hear, was taken to a lunatic asylum yesterday."

Il y a de quoi devenir fou, Lautrec certainly said to himself, after his reason had returned to him, quoting the words of Gérard de Nerval; having also awakened out of a dream, perhaps refracted from some broken, illuminating angle by which madness catches unseen light, revealing to him the meaning of his own superstition, fatality, malady. It might have occurred to Lautrec to wonder what really can be the link which holds our faculties together; being so intensely conscious of his nerves' illusions, of their disillusions, of their imaginative discords. Yet Lautrec always distinguishes the causes of certain of his moods from those other causes which come to him because he is an artist, and are properly concerned with that creation which is his own function. Did the obscure and fatal irritation of his madness reveal to him visions he had never seen before, visions of worlds unrealized, Hamlet's disembodied visions? To have been obstinate in depravity, as Lautrec was; to have remembered this sentence, "when, with mental malignity, he persuades men that the works of the Holy Spirit are the works of the Devil," to have had the sensation of a world in which the daylight has been abolished, when men stumble in a perpetual night; to have wondered if he had ever been in the emotional state of the man in "Adolphe": *Je me reposais, pour ainsi dire, dans l'indifferences des autres, de la fatigue de son amour,* that marvelous phrase which has in it so much of the intolerable indifference of love's fatigue and of passion's satieties, of the intolerable indifference a man of genius is bound to

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have toward a woman who is intolerable; to have chased some divine shadow, through one hot day and to return tired and to find the visitor just turning away from the closed door—and for that to be an obsession; to have felt a subtle terror growing out of the waters, with a more ghastly insistence than anything solid on the earth; finally, to have had the shock on his nerves which came to him as he read this sentence in "Sur Cathérine de Médicis" of Balzac, speaking of the Calvinist martyr who is recovering after having been tortured: *On ne saurait croire à quel point un homme, seul dans son lit et malade, devient personnel*:—all this is exactly what I imagine Lautrec must have felt during the last two years of his tragic life.

The great artist, Toulouse-Lautrec, had no more illusions. There was no more for him any Rubesquerat, who created myriads of illusions, a scornful and a cruel Queen, wily and unwise, who finally—as finally Lautrec is bound to—loses her own illusions, and is no more their mistress; all that is left for her is mischief. Yet, before then, as such wicked adventuresses did to Lautrec, her power remains her own.

"So she clenched her hands an instant," writes Meredith, "with that feeling which knocketh a nail in the coffin of a desire not dead, and controlled herself, and went to the youth, breaking into beams of beauty; and an enchanting sumptuousness breathed round her, so that in spite of himself Shibli Bagarag suffered her to take him by the hand and lead him from that orchard through the shivered door, and into the palace and the hall of the jasper pillars. Strange thrills went up his arms from the touch of the Queen, and they were as little snakes twisting and darting up, biting poison bites of irritating blissfulness."

What now is left, since death knocks at the very gates of his life, for Lautrec? No more irritating poison-bites from women's lips, no more Liliths to seduce him, no more dead desires. Nothing, nothing at all; only for him to jest

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over his own condition with a disconcerting cynicism and a cold-blooded irony.

A certain sinister event, of which Lautrec is either the direct or the indirect cause, gives him—in the few years that remain to him, much of the "fever called Living" that burns in one's brain; much of "the terrible torture of thirst", of the fancy (I quote Poe's poem, "For Annie") that anyone might start at "beholding him dead", of the thought that the "crisis", this serious crisis that has come on him, might prove fatal—an actual repugnance to Paris. For, knowing him lost (such news flies fast in Paris) certain of those who had met him at "La Nouvelle Athènes", and certain dealers—known to all artists as swindlers, arrant thieves, and dishonorable liars—pounced on him; and in so abominable a manner, that their atrocity reminds me of the Furies who pursued Orestes and Clytemnestra; only, the Furies were rightly named Ministers of Vengeance. "And while he falleth," says one of the Furies in the "Eumenides" of Aeschylus, "yet doth a man know it not, from the disease of folly; so thick is the gloom in which pollution hovers over him; a cloud of darkness hanging as it were above his house becomes the theme of many a sighing tale. For it abideth. Able are we to contrive and to effect, and with long memories for evil, awful ones and inexorable to men, administering a chosen province though rejected with dishonor by the gods above and separated from them by the sunless mould."

It was none of these, whose abiding place is below the earth and in the sun-forsaken gloom, who attacked Lautrec; but, in a literal sense, those who had no sense of honor, no sense of pity, no sense of mercy, as the actual Furies had. With fingers for talons, those miserable creatures thrust into the still nervous fingers of Lautrec, as he sat in some café, the mere material for him to trace designs on.

Painting being his *métier,* Lautrec had but little spare time for reading, finding novels simply stupid; but, apart from that, he was the most pernicious and malicious diviner

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of the human comedy that ever existed: he saw always the comic, he saw always the tragic, side of things; and he was much too inhuman ever to disguise the storms and tempests that he endured, in his imagination, and bodily. So—as hatred of isolation grew on him—he would never let you go, by day or by night, when he was in need of you. In a certain sense he was like Rossetti: the slave of his own imagination, and how little command he had over that or over his genius is painfully enough known. So, having no more feeling for nature as nature than Rossetti had, he never had from nature any consolation, any soothing of any of his sorrows, even the deepest of all—the sorrow of sorrows, Sin.

That Lautrec was capable of deeper depths of sinning than any of his contemporaries—more so, really, than Verlaine, in spite of the immense difference between them—is a lamentable fact, which can only be explained by the madness he certainly inherited. There is not one picture of his that does not show traces of insanity; by a deformation, an exaggeration, by an infernal craft: always these traces remain. Nor did any artist of our time choose so deliberate, so inevitably fatal, a way of ruining his own existence. It was in his blood, it was in his genius. Yet never, on any occasion, did he, like Dowson, become under the influence of wine almost literally insane, and quite irresponsible; only, at times, he fell into unreasoning and furious passions; a vocabulary before then unknown to him, sprang up like a whirlwind; he seemed always about to commit some act of absurd violence.

I have written: "For, there is not a dream which may not come true, if we have the energy which makes, or chooses, our own fate. We can always, in this world, get what we want, if we will it intensely and persistently enough. Whether we shall get it sooner or later is the concern of fate; but we shall get it. It may come when we have no longer any use for it, when we have gone on

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willing it out of habit, so as not to confess that we might have failed. But it will come."

Lautrec, who had the Devil's energy, did not choose his own fate, any more than Satan; for (as an Irishman told me on one of the Aran Islands) Satan, being led by pride to equal himself with God, looked into the glass in which only God should look, and when Satan looked into the glass, "Hell was made in a minute." It requires a strong spirit to "sin strongly" and to make one's own profit out of it. Lautrec sinned tremendously, nor did he ever repent of the sins he had committed; at his own expense he had fallen into "the waste of shame." He contrived to get out of his tragic life almost all he wanted, he got almost all he willed —with an amazing intensity. His was no soul "unspotted from the world" in a body which one sees visibly soiling under one's eyes; in him, hidden and yet inherent in him, I saw all the fever and turmoil and the unattained dreams of a life which had so much of the swift, disastrous, and suicidal energy of genius.

The Château de Malromé is a beautiful old castle, with towers and turrets, in the department of La Gironde, where Lautrec generally spent part of the summer with his mother. "I shall always remember", wrote Gustave Coquiot, "this fact. Lautrec was going to leave Paris, and Carabin had met him, in La Place Blanche, before his actual departure for Brittany, when I came on them. Lautrec jeered—jeered abominably. I have never again found for a friend a more agonizing moment. What he had become! Cowardly, I took Carabin's arm, and we went away. We had from him only one word, brutal. And we knew that this was the end."

Certainly, the end was near at hand; for no sooner had Lautrec found himself in Tausset, than he was struck by paralysis. His mother, being warned of his condition, came to him, and never left him till he died. He seems (as Baudelaire did before him) to have believed in his cure; but it is more reasonable to suppose that he forced

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himself to say so, that he might give some hope to his mother. He died, September ninth, 1901, at the age of thirty-seven.

Certainly, every artist of genius is created to live his life exactly according to his own choice. We get out of life, all of us, what we bring to it; that, and that only, is what it can teach us. Lautrec was a great creator, by instinct and by imagination, and by an astonishing, a prodigious, mastery of his *métier—Il fut uniquement préoccupé de mettre, comme il disait, les choses à point, d'apprendre son métier, et aussi, et surtout, de vivre la vie qui lui plaisait.* He, in a different sense from Balzac, dealt in flesh and blood, and knew that the passions in nature can teach more to the philosopher, and can justify the artist more fully, than all the unacting intelligence in the world. Both, I am certain, sought the soul that lurks in some occult corner of our body; and that, most of all, it is the soul as nervous fluid, the executive soul, not the contemplative soul, that, with rare exceptions, they seek. Both had vision; neither I think, were contemplative. They could surprise the motive force of life, *la recherche d'absolu;* and could ask the unanswerable question: "Can man by thinking find out God?" Or life, they might have added; and then might have answered the unanswerable question with the great "Perhaps!" of Montaigne and the last utterances of Rabelais: "I am going to leap into the dark. Let down the curtain: the Farce is over." Still, in regard to Lautrec, it is worth quoting this sentence of Peter Motteaux on Rabelais: "We ought not easily to believe, that he, who even in the most licentious places of his many companions, is thought by the judicious to have generally a design to expose villainy; we ought not, I say, to believe, that such a man, in his seventieth year, could have abandoned himself to those excesses."

Lautrec's existence, if not disordered—as in certain senses it was—was ardent, indefatigable, unslackening, animal, ferocious, insatiable. He—as many other artists have done

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—divided his days and nights into two divisions: one for pleasure, and one for work. I have never known anyone, with the exception of Verlaine, who loved the pleasures and the satisfactions of the flesh so abnormally as he did; only, with Verlaine, his genius was often lazy and inactive. This disorderly life, year after year, the inordinate fatigues that came over him too often, did not, until the end came, succeed in harming or in hurting his astonishing force of physical existence. His failure, his tragical failure was, that he did not give himself enough sleep. Utterly vain is such an one's idea that, with such lack of sleep as he endured, he can go on year after year without ruining his body. He was, one is aware, not normal; he was, as he himself was vividly aware, abnormal: as he was born, animal to the last degree of animality, voluptuous and full-blooded, so had he to exist. Cruel, he was capable of kindness, even of ardent affections; in fact he found some of his gaiety when he plunged deepest into the somber waters of Lethe; as Meredith did in these lines of "Modern Love:"

> But there's a strength to help the desperate weak.
> That night he learnt how silence best can speak
> The awful things when Pity pleads for Sin.
> About the middle of the night her call
> Was heard. And he came wondering to her bed.
> "Now, kiss me dear! It may be now!" she said.
> Lethe had passed those lips, and he knew all.

And, as André Rivoire says: *L'art n'a rien perdu à cette existence effrenée. Toujours et partout, l'artiste y suivait l'homme, et autour de lui cherchait de la beauté. C'est pour avoir su découvrir cette beauté, où personne avant lui ne l'avait si bien découverte qu' Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec restera comme l'un des artistes les plus puissants et les plus originaux de notre époque.*

Did Lautrec, I wonder, when he felt the approach of death, day by day and night by night, when he was sleepless, think of certain declarations of the Catholic Church: *Absorba est mors in victoria. Ubi est, mors, victoria tua? Ubi est, mors, stimulus tuas?* He might have given up all

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that consolation, as if any such consolations were to him then more than hopeless, all the time his miserable and racked body was longing for its pain to be over and craving for peace when peace was not, imagining if there were any chance of the Spirit surviving the infamy of the grave; as he saw in vision, or visibly, he who had lived a life few men have ever lived, who had longed so passionately for length of life, and who knew, just then, that length of life was denied him—the Thing—Death's figure, hooded and masked and menacing, with all hell's fire in his cruel lips. If Lautrec could have turned his eyes away from the hideous aspect of that Thing—that Thing that has neither name nor lineage—could have closed them and turned his face to the wall—the naked wall that shuts that outer world from our vision—that might have been wonderful; only, instead of being wonderful, the imagination would come over him of himself utterly dead, the narrow boards of the coffin waiting —how ignobly!—for his body to be nailed inside of it; and then, all the grave's infamy! And then, finally, to have fallen asleep, and to have passed forever into the common air unfelt by others; and then, in Pater's words, "to have experienced the last curiosity."

Had he but read them, Lautrec might have found his destiny revealed in two lines of Hood—that found an echo in Baudelaire:

> Anywhere, anywhere
> Out of the world!

For this saying has passed through interpreters, and helped to make a rare corner of modern literature; and the pity of the whole thing is like that of a great line of Dante, not less universal. Or rather, let this be Lautrec's epitaph: A stone is flung angrily and straight into the air, and may strike the canopy before it falls back on the earth: or, by preference: *Un homme qui improvisait avec une aprêté terrible et un comique sinistre, ces charges amères où perçait déjà le degôut du monde et des ridicules humains.*

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NEW GERMANY AND ITS MAKERS

By GENERAL CHARLES H. SHERRILL

SOME years before the war, an intelligent American named Wile wrote "Men About the Kaiser"—a group picture of different personalities each contributing elements of power to the "All Powerful" monarch, as he was then believed by them to be. These blossoms of the Prussian military plant showed it to be of sturdy growth, and that it had wide-spreading roots. The war has cut off these blossoms and proved the plant to be of ill service to the German people. Have its roots been injured? Will it blossom again? It is still too early to say. But meanwhile the productive energy of the Teutonic stock has not been idle, a new plant has sprung up, and perhaps from a consideration of its first group of blossoms we may venture to judge if the plant will be of permanent growth, and if that growth will benefit the Germany of tomorrow.

From the men now in the public eye, let us single out for observation Josef Wirth, the Chancellor; Friederich Rosen, the Minister of Foreign Affairs; Hugo Stinnes, the apotheosis of enterprise in "big business"; Max Warburg, the banker; and last but perhaps most significant of all—Walther Rathenau, he who recently left the presidency of the Allegemeine Elektricitäts Gesellschaft to accept the portfolio of a new cabinet Ministry of Reconstruction expressly created for him. These men personify Germany's new position since the war, and perhaps if we sit down with them for awhile, we will rise with the conclusion that this group incarnates a spirit of better national promise than could ever have been expected from the men around

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and influencing the Kaiser. These new men are stationed around no dispenser of royal favor, but are standing for the conserving of Germany's present in such fashion as constructively to protect her future.

The reader will at once object: But why include Hugo Stinnes in such a patriotic category? Is he not interested only in his own pocket? Can war-profiteering in any land show so colossal a figure—a man whose acquisitiveness refuses to specialize as has the acquisitiveness of his prototypes in other countries? Newspapers by the dozens, mines, shipping lines, industrial enterprises in a score of fields—all are equally fish for his mighty net; he gathers them all in with a catholicity of taste that makes the average maligned plutocrat seem a contented fisherman on the banks of a small stream. To all these questions, "yes" is a proper answer, but to them all collectively, so is "no." More than once in the months leading up to May tenth, 1921, when in London the Allies fixed the amount of the German indemnity, was Stinnes to be seen aiding his none too stable government to carry on its negotiations and its work. True, he made much money out of the war, but also he has proved a great factor for stabilizing business in many fields during the chaos that came with shattered government finance, a currency that dropped out of sight, vacillation in plans for taxation, and lack of public and private confidence. Along with the news of Stinnes' profits came the assurance to smaller men that if he could be doing business so could they, and they went to work. Indeed, one of the most outstanding economic facts of Germany today, is that everybody has gone to work. Numerous are the instances of workingmen's groups seeking permission to exceed the eight hours work per day fixed by law. Anyone who read the newspaper accounts describing Stinnes' alleged outrageous manner at the Aix la Chapelle conference, his domineering insistence upon his own indemnity plan, and his intolerance of conflicting opinions, naturally concluded that here was the incarnation of the Prussian military spirit. When

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I met the man in Berlin at the end of May, 1921, I was never so surprised in my life. Instead of the unreasoning bully, he appeared the quietest of men, with a pleasant blue eye. Strange looking he certainly is, for his closely cropped hair and beard are of exactly the same length all over his head and face—an even coating throughout of the same color, as it were! And with it all so gentle and modest a manner and so simple a dress. No, said he, it was not fair to allege he had acquired three hundred newspapers—he personally owned only one outright, and although he had bought an interest in many stock companies, it was rather to help straighten out their tangled affairs than for any other reason! As long ago as 1893 he founded a firm that now has thirty foreign branches. He spoke mostly, and convincingly too, of the advantage he thought possessed by the German cartel or syndicate system for foreign trade over our trusts; and said that by their method they conserved all the personal initiative in the various companies combining for some export purpose, and did not rely so much on centralization, as the American method does. He is well informed on labor conditions, for it is estimated that the companies he controls employ one hundred and twenty-seven thousand men! Obviously here was a novel human factor in German national advance—a type one could not imagine dangling around a Kaiser, for to such as he royal favor and high decorations mean nothing. The man's chief joy is clearly work, and as many hours of it per day as possible. Meals are an interruption, as one saw when Stinnes would slip down stairs to the Adlon restaurant from the up stairs suite where his inner working force is installed, swallow a hasty meal at strange hours, and hurry back to the only thing that interests him—work, and then more work!

When the Allies fixed the amount of their financial demands on Germany, and it became necessary to find some German who would sign the document accepting those terms, it was generally believed that whoever signed it would thereby commit political suicide, so unpopular at home

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would that act be. And this was believed just as firmly inside of Germany as outside, so when Josef Wirth undertook to form a cabinet to carry forward business under this onerous document he was considered both at home and abroad a mere stop-gap, brave and self-sacrificing if you please, but after all a foolhardy soul whose head would soon topple into the political waste basket. When I saw the man a fortnight after he signed the fateful paper he seemed far from a moribund politician! Tall, heavily but powerfully built, with a faint reddish tint showing in moustache and hair, and with quick, eager eyes, he seemed far from out of place in the splendid room at number seventy-seven Wilhelm Strasse looking out upon the great trees of the garden behind—the room often paced by the Iron Chancellor Bismarck, who for so many years occupied this official residence. No, here was a man, in the prime of life (he was born in 1879) a factor of international politics that would have to be counted with for some while to come. It is significant of the changed times that Chancellor Wirth is not Prussian, but comes from south Germany, having been born in Baden in 1879. At the time of our interview he, as head of a newly formed cabinet, was of course chiefly concerned in gathering new elements of strength, for it was then generally believed that his continuance in power would depend upon his obtaining aid from the powerful parliamentary bloc called the Deutsches Volks Partei, representing what we would call "big business." For that reason he was interested to hear how chambers of commerce in the United States were beginning to study governmental policies, and how those groupings of the best trained business brains in each community were answering President Harding's summons to participate in politics: "more business in government and less government in business." When I returned to Paris a few days later and told my French friends of the impression made on me by the German Chancellor, they were at first amused and then incredulous, but as the weeks went on, and he skilfully weathered one parlia-

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mentary storm after another, a study of his past revealed many reasons for his present success.

As a student, and later as a professor of economics and mathematics at Freiburg Realgymnasium, he laid a sound basis fitting him excellently to hold the portfolio of Finance, first in Müller's Cabinet, then in Fehrenbach's, and lastly in his own. He is a convincing public speaker, not only in parliamentary debate but also on the hustings. He is a Roman Catholic, a follower of Erzberger, and it is well to remember that the Roman Catholics of Germany possess more of an international point of view than do the Protestants. Membership in the former church carries with it a recognition that there exist abroad other units of the same order, and this makes for a broader outlook than that of most German Lutherans. I spent some weeks in 1914, just preceding the war's outbreak, traveling about Germany collecting notes for a proposed book on German ancient stained glass, and as an American Protestant was surprised to find that the Lutheran churches were almost always locked and therefore gave no opportunity for meditation in the House of God, which most American churches invite. Even when open for service the Lutheran churches (mostly in north Germany) seem to attract but small attendance. The number of churches I visited on my quest was of course considerable, and I was left with an unfavorable impression of Protestant vigor in Germany. Just after the war I spent some months in Japan, and its thronged temples and pilgrimage shrines caused one to wonder if a religion so woven into the daily life of the people, making for frequent reflection upon things spiritual rather than upon those material, is not finer than a religion of locked sanctuaries during the week and sparse congregations on Sundays. And later when I visited Louvain and Rheims, and saw the hacked fruit trees of France's devastated regions and the almost obliterated sites of her carefully destroyed factories—again I compared the Japanese thronging of sacred places with the locked Protestant temples of Germany! Japan,

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like Germany, fosters a dangerous military party, but her religious antidote seems more active.

Chancellor Wirth has been fated more than once to find himself in positions requiring quick thinking and even quicker action. After the revolution broke out in Berlin, he started home for Baden. He stopped on the way at Carlsruhe, and to inform himself on matters at home telephoned on to a friend to ask how things were going.

"You ought to know better than I, because yesterday you were appointed Finance Minister of Baden!"

This was the first Wirth had heard of his appointment, but he tackled the job and succeeded with it. In the same abrupt and unsought fashion came his selection as German Chancellor. Whether he continues long in power or after awhile is superseded, at least it must be said that in a great national crisis, Germany produced a man of courage and preparation who carried faithfully into effect the announcement made on taking office that he would carry out in full what Germany had signed. The sooner Germans realize that, for the outside world, those words benefitted their credit more than others spoken in Germany since July, 1914, the quicker will their national psychology get back into step with the rest of us.

Dr. Friederich Rosen, Minister for Foreign Affairs, taken from the German Legation at The Hague to fill that post, and long trained in diplomacy at Bagdad, Jerusalem, Abyssinia, Algeciras, Teheran, etc., typifies the use which the new German republic is wisely making of trained men; it is not, like some new republics, discarding everything of an older régime as untimely. With no trace of accent in his English, but speaking like a Londoner, this German expert in oriental languages talked, not as I expected, of international affairs so much as of the domestic need of rallying to the new government the support of new elements of political strength. Even more than Wirth, did Rosen seem interested in gaining the support of the great commercial interests. His remarks on foreign affairs were

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chiefly to the effect that if the Allies made things so difficult that even home support could not sustain this government, then the present one would be succeeded by another even less capable of carrying out the terms imposed in London. Neither from him nor from any other well-informed German does one hear any hint of Bolshevism over-running Germany. That nonsense is reserved for certain yellow journals and their credulous readers. Germans are too well educated to be led away by the economic piffle of men like Lenin and Trotzky. The Prussian military group used Bolshevism as a war weapon to overwhelm illiterate Russia, and it succeeded beyond their fondest hopes, but in Germany such a propaganda would wither up. They know it, and do not waste their own time nor that of foreigners of average intelligence by trying to make that ghost walk!

The Roman Catholic is not the only faith that makes for an international mind. So does that of the Jews, and the strength of their faith has suffered the advantage (if one may venture an Irish bull) of centuries of persecution. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, and of no faith is that truer than of the Jewish, and especially in regard to the grasp of its followers upon matters international. The new German republic recognizes this fact, and chief among the Jews now aiding it is Max Warburg, head of a banking house that has existed one hundred and twenty-three years in Hamburg. He maintains intimate relations with his brother, Paul Warburg of New York, to whom American banking owes so much of the early success and functioning of our Federal Reserve system, and who is now rendering almost as great a national service in founding our first bank exclusively for acceptances. Max Warburg, thanks to his blue-grey eyes, has a gentler expression than Paul's piercing black ones will permit, but the same trained banker's brain lies behind both their seeing apparati. Nor is the present German crisis the first one that Max Warburg's Hamburg firm has helped its government to meet.

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And now for the fifth and last personality of the group we have selected to personify the new post-war Germany—Walther Rathenau. Son of an influential father of the same name, his predecessor as head of the Allgemeine Elektricitäts Gesellschaft (an economic colossus resembling our General Electric Company) this business magnate of fifty-four, a well known writer on public topics, decided at last to enter "practical politics", and at six fifteen P. M., May twenty-eighth, 1921, accepted a cabinet position as Minister of Reconstruction under Chancellor Wirth. I have no difficulty in remembering that date, because by a freak of fate, I spent with him, upon his invitation, the last half hour before he drove to the Ministry of Justice to report acceptance of governmental responsibility. Grave, practical, hard-headed he certainly was, but withal courteous-minded, not only in discussing Germany's position with a foreigner who had not viewed the war's causes from his angle, but thoughtful even of future associates and their possible divergence of views, for he qualified his positive statements by "please remember I am speaking as of Saturday afternoon while still a private individual, and not as of to-morrow, when, as an official, my views must be affected by the majority opinion of the cabinet I am entering." Most explicit was his insistence that this cabinet be regarded abroad as one devoted to complete fulfilment of the terms signed and accepted by Germany in London on May tenth. Proud of his father's good name, known as well in America as at home for strict compliance with the contracted word, he believed, said he, in as scrupulous performance of government agreements as is required in the higher business circles where his father and he had gained their training. From the same schooling came both his impatience of official red tape, and also that love of direct dealing, man to man and face to face, soon to be evidenced in his Wiesbaden meeting with Loucheur.

"We have no right to force our modes of thought and feeling upon other civilized nations." And this is

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from a practical man, who although he believes in monarchical government, conditions this upon constant effort by the monarch to conduct "a people's state," the demand for which in Germany he asserts to be "timely and inevitable."

"No one", says he, "can be a statesman unless he bears or has borne creative responsibility":—and to this it is fair for an American to reply that such a man is Rathenau himself! He has turned from great commercial affairs and has put his hand to the political plow. Perhaps he may not remain long in this Cabinet—certainly he will withdraw if it wavers from its pledge completely to fulfill Germany's May tenth agreement with the Allies.

To anyone who has been privileged to meet all the leading Ministers of Europe during that trying reconstructive period known as A.D. 1921, there will be no doubt that Walther Rathenau belongs in the same class with Lloyd George, Briand, and Venezelos—to which, by the way, Lloyd George would add Giolitti, for says he, "he is the best of the whole lot of us."

Those who have Germany's future most at heart, as well as those who loathe the brutal scars of Prussian militarism left on Belgium and northeastern France, may both find satisfaction in a consideration of this group of five powerful human factors in the Germany of 1921. Taken together they spell out a nationality very different from the group around the Kaiser in the days when it cheered the rattle of his sabre and beckoned on "Der Tag" that was going to make the Kultur of one country lord it over all others.

From the body politic of the same nation that blossomed in the Kaiser's clique, there has come forth a new type, just as resolute in purpose and certainly just as German, but now at last we see leaders willing and able to consider the viewpoint of other nations—a vast change from the ingrowing Prussian psychology that helped Germany to lose the war.

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THE MOVIES—AN ARRAIGNMENT

By S. L. M. BARLOW

WHOSOEVER is bored with the play or his companion at the theatre may turn the pages of his program and find a full page advertisement of a current movie. Approving quotations may there be found. John Barrymore, "the greatest artist of the English speaking stage" (and that while Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Fiske yet breathe) Belasco, and others, are fulsome in their praise of the Art (sic) of this latest masterpiece. The words *art, artistry, artistic,* are scattered profusely over the page. So much emphasis is a challenge to a searching probe; such an exhibition of symptoms calls for a drastic diagnosis. Have the movies developed a case of Art, or are they merely suffering from acute indigestion? Let us hold an autopsy on one of the most recent.

Griffith's "Way Down East" is the exemplar of cinemetic production in America; it falls into the ridiculous without having quite achieved the sublime. The first half is the epitome of photo-drama, a preposterous depiction of a society which flocks to unregenerate supper parties on Beacon Hill in a studio that resembles the reception hall in the Campbell Funeral Parlors. Gentlefolk are conspicuously absent—an inadvertence partly due to the actors. The entire performance is cheap, meaningless and silly; its counterpart never existed, except in the producer's perverted imagination. It is a case of *seductio ad absurdum.* With the second half of the picture there is disclosed material more obvious, and hence more within the scope of the movies. The subtle delineation of character which facial

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expression alone can never record, beyond the invariable use of a moustache for the villain, is left carefully to one side, and the attention of the photographer is turned to the only reliable actress in the motion pictures: Dame Nature. The recording of a great ice jam is superb and thrilling, gripping that atavistic attention which of yore was galvanized by Eliza's well-known crossing. The dramatic values, being equally objective and external, are hardly more significant in one than in the other. This second half of "Way Down East" is undeniably magnificent, gigantic, if you will—but, as art, it does not exist. As art it is the apotheosis of Drury Lane.

These may seem harsh words to apply to a movie which is commonly considered to represent the pinnacle of cinematography. But let us survey the best scenes in it, and judge it by its heights rather than by those abysmal depths sounded in the first part. The ice jam, then: a girl floating on a cake of ice, a lover struggling to her across the treacherous floe, a rescue on the brink of the waterfalls. Here is no call for great acting. The only essential element of drama here is suspense, and that element is carried by a cataclysm of nature. Great acting and true drama develop in the all but subconscious relation between people, in the labyrinths of the brain, not on a piece of ice. That part of Hamlet which calls for the most subtle acting presents the Prince alone on the stage.

Dusé, Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske, have never essayed the part of Eliza to my knowledge, not only because of its innate incongruity, but because they were too clever to appear in a play where their big scene was stolen from them—by a natural phenomenon. If then the actors are puppets and the drama is subordinate to the convulsions of a river, the repository of art must be found in the photography itself, or not found at all. Here again, our emotions are identical with those called forth by the performance of a steeple-jack—we marvel how it was done, but at the same time we find a complete absence of the re-

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finements without which no art is possible. The very perils and haste of the scene do not permit the leisurely arrangement of lines, the grouping, the contrast, the chiaroscuro, the balance that contribute to the composition of a work of art. Each separate click of the machine should record a set as perfect as an "arrangement" by Whistler. When we consider how Stieglitz has labored over each plate to produce something that approaches an autochthonous art of the camera as distinguished from bastard painting, we perceive the contrast whereby the mere recording of the motion picture lens cannot be taken seriously because of the forced exclusion of the two greatest objective factors in any art, selection and rejection.

A brief record of the more pretentious movies confirms the prevalence of the double fallacy so obvious in "Way Down East." Chiefly are the producers at fault for being led on by the allure of an essential misnomer. The words "photo-play" and "photo-drama" dance invitingly over the bottomless pit of twaddle. The intimate drama, without exaggeration or buffoonery confined in four walls, can never be screened. Ibsen, perfect on the stage, becomes, in the movies, such an amorphous and dull spectacle as one of de Mille's sex triangles or the cream pie farce. So long as the cinema deals with material which can better be handled on the stage, so long shall the cinema be without its own art. Unquestionably artistic things have been done in the movies: "Broken Blossoms," Mr. Griffith's redemption for the base propaganda of "The Birth of a Nation"; "The Kid," irradiated by Chaplin's genius; "Sentimental Tommy," where the most illusive of atmospheres has been caught in more than one scene. But the charm of these productions does not establish the art; Barrie remains greater in the book than on the screen.

The second fallacy we may call the "Drury Lane complex." Here the forces and spaces of nature, not possible on the stage, are called upon in no uncertain voice. A cavalry charge, an ice floe, a chariot race, or a volcanic

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eruption bear a world of nonsense on their shoulders. Their ultimate worth, however, is open to question when we consider the convincing and moving performance of Miss Anglin as Joan of Arc, and all the king's horses and all the king's men that never quite lifted Geraldine Farrar's picture out of archeological sterility. The "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" comes directly into the same category. The original chronicle is better by far than the movie. Again we find certain laudable exceptions. Annette Kellerman's under-sea pictures are legitimate as well as beautiful. The subject is impossible, except in the movies, and the photography is exquisite. Such pictures are *echt*—they pertain to the movies alone, they are not perversions or enlargements of the regular stage—they are neither Ibsen nor Drury Lane suffering from Elephantitis. At their best, however, such spectacles are but glorified travelogues, Burbankiana, without dramatic significance. They do but point the way to those individual expressions which at some later date are to coalesce into the art of the cinema.

Within the past year and a half two movies, planned and made in Europe, have appeared, which all producers should see, mark, and inwardly digest. "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "The Golem" are the first films to be conceived in the fourth dimension, not perverted from a novel, not enlarged from a play. They possess purely movie scenarios, and develop along the lines of absolute cinema technique. "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" is the more interesting, particularly so as it was the first of the two. Therein for the first time the producer has become aware of the seemingly obvious fact that movies are commonly shown in black and white. He has accordingly set and massed each scene as Beardsley balanced each drawing. The resultant effects of perspective and contrast are astounding. In one scene, the somnambulist, escaping with the body of the young girl, appears to be running down the outer shingles of the world, a ridge over eternity. A grotesque and horrible story unfolds amid grotesque and horri-

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ble surroundings. There is complete unity. The Bedlam in the "Duchess of Malfi" alone can compare with these scenes for unique terror. The American lessees, of course, could not let this pristine film alone; they have cut it considerably, thereby necessitating superfluous titles and also confusing the onlooker, who does not realize till the end that the whole thing is the phantasmagoria of a madman's brain. Even so, it stands as the one picture which conclusively proves that the movies may some day have an art of their own.

Two other avenues of escape, one attempted but not pursued long, the other unattempted, offer themselves. The first is the animated cartoon, so far used only for comic effect, but actually inherent with possibility. Imagine a Hiroshige, a Beardsley, or a Rackham drawing a series of pictures to be vitalized by the motion picture! Here the camera would be essential; it would produce an authentic movie. The second is the use of marionettes. Puppets can perform as no human being is able. The limitation of the marionette up to the present has been set by the inability of the figure to change its expression. Aided by the cinema, the puppet could create the illusion of "registering" as many emotions as there were masks for it. Here indeed are broad fields for the camera. With cartoons and puppets, with the lesson of Dr. Caligari, how original and limitless spreads the realm of the movie of the future! And yet, for want of imagination and a real sense of what is true and what is spurious, the producers in America have been pecking at the carcasses of plays and novels, photographing the remains, and naively calling it Art.

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THE MOVIES—IN THEIR DEFENSE

By ROBERT EMMETT MACALARNEY

NOWADAYS the easiest—hence the most common—exploitation of one's critical faculty is found in slanging the movies.

Some motion pictures should be slanged, because they are very bad indeed. And then anyone can criticize a motion picture, whether he be stevedore or Ph.D. Anyone goes into a movie theatre—he goes in more often than he would enter a legitimate theatre, since it is cheaper—and sees what he sees. Of course he may see more than he sees. But all he really needs, to be able to tear a picture to verbal pieces, is to see what he does see. As a rule, motion picture makers desire him to see more. They regard pictorial presentation as stimulation of the spectator's ego, which is supposed to hang its emotional hat upon the peg of five unwinding reels.

When one is dealing with novel or dialogue play, inhibition toward glib criticism functions less vividly. Here the stevedore falters. Unless it be drama such as "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," he chokes vague fault finding perforce. He is not certain as to what most of the mixed metaphors mean. Even a stevedore hates to be utterly ridiculous. Again he rightabouts when it comes to blackguarding the author of a popular novel. Stevedores are not long on polysyllables, as a rule; they would not know one if they met it on West Street. So dialogue play and novel elude much ragtag and bobtail attack with which manufacturers of motion pictures must reckon.

In goes the stevedore to a picture show. He sees what he sees, and, because he does not like what he sees, he slangs the movies.

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Fundamentally, I think, producers are to blame. They have invited guerrilla warfare upon the screen by coaxing the public into taking its film too seriously. They have nurtured an idea that the screen must compete as an art of expression with stage play and book. Yet the film at its very best is a somewhat hard and flat, if potent, medium. And spoken titles, no matter how skilfully written, are, after all, only so many unuttered words, slightly oscillating, surrounded by quotation marks.

In gauging the quality of a motion picture one should remember—the unthinking stevedore won't—that here we have a product made in bulk. A play success on Broadway seeks the road only if it is deemed appealing to Keokuk. But pictures, inevitably, with their infinite duplication of prints, are rammed down the gullets of middle west farming hamlet and New England mill town with undifferentiated pushing. Only one grade of product is made. It invades territories without distinction. If it were possible—by this I mean financially possible—to produce assorted pictures for city, small town, highbrow, lowbrow, rural, etc., consumption, there would be far less hue and cry about meretricious movies. But this day is not likely to dawn soon. Let us begin aright then. Let us look upon the screen as it is. Naturally it is an art. Anything capable of being handled artistically may be labeled that. But woven through every foot of positive print is the celluloid cry of business, business in bulk, sold and over-sold through the same hippodrome methods used by the manufacturer of soap or motor cars.

It is the most hazardous industry in the world, an industry almost slaughtered in its infancy because the watchers beside the magic bird evolving golden eggs, tried to induce it to lay radium instead. The cost of producing stage spectacles is trivial in comparison. Publishers of "best sellers" hide diminished heads at the thought of risking approximate sums in their literary foundries.

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But there is no reason why motion pictures should not be criticized, or why bad ones should not be slanged. However, let us criticize and slang with something like understanding; which at least means sketchy knowledge of the topic. Creatively all motion pictures are at the mercy of a mathematical fact. It is a simple fact, one that may be comprehended by a child emerging from kindergarten. In every science there is at least one such epochal truth. For instance, any domestic science student is familiar with the tenet, "Twin Mountain Muffins Are the Beginning of Cake." Here we have impressiveness of a deed. We realize the remorselessness of it all. We are impressed.

In motion picture studios the same common or garden tenet is inhaled by everyone, from property boy to director, often overpaid. This tenet is—let it be well regarded by all who criticize—that twelve inches make one foot. Footage is the ever present, haunting studio ghost. There is no dodging, no exorcising it. What is more, there never will be. Directors must compress drama into a five thousand foot maximum. The staple of every movie theatre today is five reels. Now five reels should mean really five thousand feet. But literally it does not. It is difficult to handle reels containing one thousand feet of celluloid. Therefore manufacturers endeavor to hold each reel to nine hundred, or nine hundred and fifty feet. Exhibiters prefer short five reel features to long ones. Profit in theatres depends upon the regularity with which the house can be filled and emptied. To show five thousand feet at theatre speed takes about an hour and a quarter. Really normal projection would demand eighteen minutes for each reel. But operators speed films deliberately.

Five reels mean also that out of the total footage not less than twelve or thirteen hundred feet must be given up to titles. The average line of title type holds four or five words. By each line three or four feet are eaten up. A conservative estimate of average title footage, therefore, is twelve hundred feet. This leaves a residue of thirty-eight hundred for

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action footage. Try to comprehend, please, what this shrunken footage means to the director. And then, if you can, look over a community; try to decide what you would do with the story to make it better than it is. As a rule you will find the task a baffling one. There are cocksure directors who talk fluently about the titleless picture—a palpable absurdity. You can no more dispense with necessary titles in screen projection than you can substitute pantomime for the sound of the voice in legitimate drama.

So we have, then, the motion picture as a business even more than an artistic product. Further, it is manufactured in bulk and sold by merchandising methods. Thirdly, it is handicapped by the inexorable fact that there are only twelve inches in a foot of film. Finally, you have a goodly percentage of that footage consumed by titles. Q.E.D.

Let us have better pictures by all means. Technically they must be bettered. Decidedly, story material must be improved. The time is coming when novel or play will not be filmed just because it has achieved success in its own zone. There will arise also a tribe, limited to be sure, who will write intelligently for the screen itself. And there will be provided by a kindly fate directors who will not use the screen as a target for self expression alone.

Let it be repeated that the screen is here to stay. Motion pictures will never disappear from the face of the earth. The human voice, the written word, and motion photography will share responsibility for transmitting the truth or the lie of life. It is silly waste of time to direct gun-fire against the screen unless that attack is constructive. All the clamor in the world will not wipe away motion pictures. Slang the movies if you must, but slang them only after giving some thought to the difficulties of their making. The motion picture business is the most open-minded business in the world. It wants to be told why the public likes and why the public does not like what it produces. Picture makers are very willing to learn. Which is not a bad symptom. Is it?

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JANE CARLYLE'S UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

Arranged by REGINALD BLUNT

(The first and second instalments of Mrs. Carlyle's letters appeared in the November and December issues of The Forum)

A packet of letters, written by Mrs. Carlyle to the daughter of her Chelsea doctor, was last year brought as a gift to Carlyle's house by that lady's daughter, Mrs. Chambers. On collating these letters with the published volumes, I found that nine of them had been printed in the "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," and three of these had also been included in Mrs. Alexander Ireland's biography, but that the remaining fifteen letters and notes, the third instalment of which follows, had not, so far as I could discover, been published.

After the letter of May, 1862, there is a gap in the series of nearly eighteen months; a gap, as we know, rather tragically eventful in the story of the Cheyne Row household, including as it did the completion of the third volume of "Friedrich," the severe illness of Lord Ashburton in Paris, the fall and loss of Carlyle's good horse Fritz, and Mrs. Carlyle's bad accident whilst trying to reach an omnibus in St. Martin's Lane. This last smash occurred at the beginning of October 1863, and Mrs. Carlyle was carried by Larkin to her bed, in terrible pain, the sinews of her thigh torn and lacerated. There she lay for nearly a month, slowly recovering; and the next little note of our series is written in pencil, addressed to "—— Simmonds Esq." and sent by hand. He had evidently written early word of an important family event for himself and her "Carina."

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5 Cheyne Row,
1st November.

Many thanks, dear Mr. Simmonds, for sending me the good news so quickly. Having lots of time at present for making myself miserable, and a born genius for that sort of thing, and considering what happened before, I had been more anxious how your dear little wife should get thro' this business than *she* had the smallest idea! But she has got thro' it well, thank God, as she gets thro' most things.

I am only sorry that I shan't be up to going to see her and *It* for some time. Give her my love and compliments on her cleverness—and *It* a kiss for me and congratulations on having got duly born!

I suppose it is very *red?*

Yours sincerely,

Jane Carlyle.

The two next letters in this batch have been included in the Letters and Memorials. The first of these is dated November third, 1863.

I am so thankful that you are alright. And to think of your writing, on the third day after your confinement, the most legible —indeed the only legible note I ever had from you in my life!

Now about this compliment offered me, which you are pleased to call a favor (to you) I don't know what to say. I wish I could go and talk it over; but even if I could go in a cab, one of these next dry days, I couldn't drive up your stairs in a cab! I should be greatly pleased that your baby bore a name of mine. But the godmotherhood? There seems to me one objection to that which is a fatal one—I don't belong to the English church; and the Scotch church which I do belong to, recognizes no godfathers and godmothers. The father takes all the obligations on himself (serves him right!) I was present at a Church of England christening for the first time when the Blunts took me to see their baby christened, and it looked to me a very solemn piece of work; and that Mr. Maurice and Julia Blunt (the godfather and godmother) had to take upon themselves before God and man very solemn engagements, which it was to be hoped they meant to fulfil! . . . Now, my darling, how could I dream of binding myself to look after the spiritual welfare of any earthly baby? I, who have no confidence in my own spiritual welfare! . . . How could I, in cold blood, go through with a ceremony in a church to which neither the others nor myself attach a grain

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of veracity? If you can say anything to the purpose I am very willing to be proved mistaken, and in that case very willing to stand godmother to a baby that on the third day is not at all red!

[One imagines that the aspersion at the end of the previous letter had been indignantly repudiated by "Its" mother!]

The second of these letters enclosed a locket-brooch as a christening gift for the baby to wear, as soon as it was "sufficiently hardened from its present pulpy condition."

Next comes a note written towards the end of this same November, on the eve of the christening of "Jane."

5 Cheyne Row.

Carina, I am glad of the proposed addition to *Its* name, glad that the poor Dear will have a reasonable Christian name to fall back upon when she has grown to having a judgment of her own, and to recognizing the fatuity of a meaningless lisping "Ethel" out of a Thackeray novel! I cannot *engage* to come tomorrow. I will try!—not to luncheon, however! That would complicate the nervousness of the thing for me. You have no idea how nervous I have been, since my accident—sitting here in the same sofa corner always, in the same dressing gown, seeing the same two or three people. To start out into a christening company before I can stand steadily on my two legs—after such a nine weeks of seclusion! Dear, have you thought what an effort that would take? I was very much the worse for my wild expedition that day to see my baby. I never closed my eyes all night after! I felt so fatigued and *excited* by it!—and felt to have caught cold all over. The fatigue would be lessened by going in a cab, but on the other hand the excitement would be aggravated by the presence of company. You would be very sorry if I were laid up for two or three days in consequence. But if it is a fine day tomorrow and I feel particularly *brave,* I will try to come for a few minutes.

Yours affectionately,

Jane Carlyle.

The baby was duly christened "Ethel Jane Carlyle Simmonds." Mrs. Carlyle did not actually and finally stand as her godmother, but she came to the house after the christening: and the silver mug she gave her small namesake is still in Mrs. Chambers' possession.

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Again there is a gap of over a year and a half between this letter and the next—and final—one; and we know with what a tormented record of illness and suffering that critical period was filled for Mrs. Carlyle. The pain, in part resulting from her accident and partly from acute neuritis in her arm, grew worse again during the winter of 1863-4. In March she made the desperate experiment of a visit to St. Leonards and the Blakestons', where she remained in great misery, sleeplessness and utter depression till the end of June, when she fled, distracted and unnerved, to Scotland. There she remained chiefly at Holm Hill, till the end of September, when she returned to Chelsea, having outworn the longest and worst phase of her "horrible ailment"; but with her health and strength irretrievably shattered. Carlyle's gift of a carriage to her this autumn was an immense boon in her disablement, besides being tangible evidence of an affection and solicitude which, except in moments of the madness caused by nervous breakdown, protracted insomnia and physical torture from her accidents, Mrs. Carlyle never, in her heart, either doubted or disbelieved.

In January 1865 Carlyle took the last sheets of "Friedrich" to the post office; and in March they went, for a month, to the Ashburtons' cottage near Seaton. The change did Mrs. Carlyle good; but in May the neuritis, which had, for two years, more or less crippled her left arm, passed to the right, thus incapacitating her from writing till she could learn to scribble with her left hand. In June she went north once more, and this last letter to Mrs. Simmonds is written, in ink, with her left hand, from Mrs. Russell's ever welcoming house:

Holmhill, Thornhill.
10th July, 1865.

Oh my poor little Darling!

I am dreadfully sorry for you! Your little child that was such a Pet! Nothing worse could have befallen you under Heaven, except the Death of your husband. Be thankful, poor sorrowing young Mother, that you are spared that! Oh try to bear up

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for your husband's sake, and for the sake of the Baby unborn who is soon to come and comfort you for the little sister taken away. I wish I were at home to go and see you very often! I cannot even write as I should wish. My right arm and hand continue to be a perpetual torment to me, and utterly useless. I have had to learn to write and to do the things I can do at all with my left hand. But I feel it so difficult!

I am coming home in about a fortnight.

Thank you, Darling, for writing to me.

I have not improved in "the country." The pain is constant, and takes away my sleep and appetite.

Your loving Friend,

Jane Carlyle.

Mrs. Carlyle returned to Cheyne Row towards the end of July, and except for a brief visit to Miss Bromley at Folkestone, in August, this was her last journey.

The autumn and winter were comparatively uneventful, save for alterations of bookcases, trials of the "hereditary housemaid," an invasion of cocks and hens next door, triumphantly subdued by Mrs. Carlyle's brilliant diplomacy, and the pleasurable preparation for Carlyle's Edinburgh Lord Rectorship. Her neuralgia was much better, and, though extremely frail in body, her indomitable spirit seemed now to have reached a haven of comparative serenity and calm.

The Carlyle's were often at the Rectory during this last year of Mrs. Carlyle's life. My father gave stable accommodation to Carlyle's horse, "Noggs", of which he had wished to make him a present, and which he occasionally rode.

Noggs, however, was not a very satisfactory steed; "he had," as I have elsewhere recorded, "too long been accustomed to the ways of a preoccupied rider, who had ambled with him absent-mindedly about thirty thousand miles—the majority of it as he was thrashing out 'Frederick the Great.' People had often seen Noggs grazing quietly along the roadside of Clapham Common, the reins loose on his neck, whilst history was being evolved on his back; and Noggs, having too long had his own way, resented a rider who had

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ideas of his own as to whither and at what pace they should go; and in May, when Carlyle went to Annandale, he took his horse with him for the summer."

In October Herbert Barnes, Mrs. Simmonds' brother, who had taken over his father's medical practice, and with whom Mrs. Carlyle had grown "so satisfied when I had conquered my prejudice against having a doctor under thirty who wore a glass in his eye," died suddenly; and it was my Mother who had to go and break the news to Mrs. Carlyle.

Our Rectory cow supplied her with new milk every morning, milked straight into the tumbler and drunk warm within five minutes, "a daily recurring miracle," as Carlyle described it.

Though I was only a boy of eight, I can well remember the Mrs. Carlyle of those last months, white and frail, almost as a wraith, but very kind and gentle—as other children than I, had found her. Particularly I recollect the evenings when Carlyle came to the Rectory, and the arrival of the box of long delicate "churchwardens" from Edinburgh, with green waxed ends, always provided for his smoke; and the great marmalade making in February 1866, which Mrs. Carlyle herself came over to superintend in our big stone flagged kitchen, according to her own delicious, but very elaborate, recipe.

Carlyle went north in March for the Edinburgh Rectorship and Address, which was accomplished, on April second, "in a tempest of enthusiasm," the exhausted Rector thereupon escaping to Scotsbrig to recover himself. To him from Cheyne Row went, almost daily, some of the most cheery, playful, and proudly affectionate letters ever sent him by his wife, the last of them dated April twenty-first, and expecting his return to her "the day after tomorrow." And within a few hours of its completion, "Dearest—Yours ever, J. W. C.," the true troubled heart from which those words had come, had, in her carriage in Hyde Park, ceased suddenly and finally to beat.

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To these letters, in justice to the memory of Carlyle, one other must be added, which completes the little package, and refers to its contents, which had been sent him.

It will be remembered that when Carlyle, after his wife's death, collected and annotated her letters and memorials, he expressed, repeatedly and emphatically, his strong feeling that if they were ever to be given to the world, it should not be for a long period after his death, when those to whom allusion in them was made had passed from the scene. As to the precise time that should elapse, if it should finally be judged well to publish them, his feelings varied. At first he had named twenty years; ultimately he thought that a shorter period might perhaps suffice, but seven years was the lowest limit he ever named, though finally the decision was left to Froude.

Froude's decision, in face of Carlyle's repeated expression of his own view, was remarkable. He published the "Reminiscences" within a few months of Carlyle's death, and included in them, against Carlyle's express injunction, the paper on Jane Welsh Carlyle.

This injunction being made known by Carlyle's niece, Froude offered, in the *Times,* to restore at once to her the remaining papers. The offer which was public and unconditional, was at once accepted, and the papers were sent for in accordance with its terms. They were declined. A day had elapsed, and Froude had changed his mind. He gave reasons for doing so to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's solicitor, which can hardly be accepted as sufficient, in view of the undertakings she offered and her relinquishment of her right to the profits of the Reminiscences. But Froude was obdurate. The first two volumes of the "Life of Thomas Carlyle" were published in 1882, and the "Letters and Memorials" of his wife followed in 1883, within less than two and a half years of Carlyle's death. Of their sins of omission and commission, and of the fundamentally false view of those two lives which was thus given to the world, there is no need to speak here. But this letter of

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Carlyle's, coming now after half a century out of this little precious packet of his wife's "ustekins," reveals once again and unmistakably his own feeling and desire about their publication, written at the very time when he was just completing their collection and arrangement—"those dear letters are *saved,* thank God! lying legible to good eyes, with all the needful commentaries."

Addiscombe Farm,
Croydon. 4 Sept. 1869.

Dear Mrs. Simmonds,

Those precious letters are all lying punctually locked up in Chelsea awaiting your return. I am greatly obliged by your loan of them; and beg (and believe) that you will not deny me a sight of any others you may still have or be able to discover.

Niece Mary has taken copies of those you sent, as was my object in asking for them; but you may trust me there is no wish or intention to *print* anything; on the contrary a strict *prohibition,*—at least and lowest till all whom it could personally concern are out of the scene.

On your return I will ask you further to help Mary whatever you can towards accurately *dating* these letters. Out of very piety you cannot refuse!

With best regards to Mr. Simmonds and yourself,

Yours sincerely and much obliged,

T. Carlyle.

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HAS THE CONFERENCE SUCCEEDED?

By GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM

THE Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments has filled and is still filling a large place in the public mind. The cynicism with which its coming was anticipated in many quarters gave way before the great burst of enthusiasm which greeted Secretary Hughes' dramatic opening. It has reasserted itself to a lesser degree as it becomes apparent that both Japan and Great Britain needs must consider details of the program, and possibly require minor modifications before they are ready to put their signatures to definite agreements limiting naval armament. But their ready acceptance of the main provisions of Secretary Hughes' program was auspicious.

The philosophy of international agreements to end competitive navy building, finds its roots in the well known disposition of individuals to use weapons at hand in case of dispute. The enactment of laws prohibiting the carrying of deadly weapons has been followed by marked decrease in the number of homicides. The rapid increase in the size and power of the German navy required a corresponding increase of hers by Great Britain, to ensure her national safety. The danger of such competition was perceived by Mr. Monroe and Mr. Adams after the close of the War of 1812. This led them to make the proposals to England which were accepted in the so-called Rush-Bagot agreement of 1817, reducing the naval establishments of the United

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States and Great Britain on the Lakes to four small gunboats each, the demolition of all other war ships, and an agreement to construct no others. Under this agreement, the two countries have lived peaceably for more than a century. A later American example also is furnished by the agreement between Chile and the Argentine in 1902-3, by which the fleets of the two nations were dismantled, vessels in course of construction sold, both countries agreeing neither to buy nor to build warships for a period of five years. Possibly the first example, in small compass though it was, may have inspired the Czar of Russia to summon the First Hague Conference in 1898. The initial purpose of that Conference as stated in the imperial rescript was expressed in these words:

> The maintenance of general peace and a possible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations, present themselves in the existing condition of the whole world, as the ideal towards which the endeavors of all governments should be directed. * * * The economic crises, due in great part to the systems of armaments *à l'outrance,* and the continual danger which lies in this massing of war material, are transforming the armed peace of our days into a crushing burden, which the peoples have more and more difficulty in bearing.

But the world at that time was not ready to grapple with this problem. Germany was dreaming of and planning a world dominion. The utmost obtainable from the Conference was a declaration by the Committee appointed to consider the matter, "that a limitation of the military charges which now weigh upon the world is greatly to be desired in the interests of the material and moral welfare of humanity"; and the expression by the Conference itself of the wish that:

> the governments taking into consideration the proposals made by the Conference, may examine the possibility of an agreement as to the limitation of armed forces by land and sea, and of war budgets.

A similar fate attended the efforts towards the same end of the British, French, and American delegates to the

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Second Conference held at The Hague nine years later. Again, the Imperial German Government blocked the movement. Its delegates maintained that Germany was thriving commercially in proportion to the growing strength of her army and navy: they had, they said, "too much confidence in the wisdom of sovereigns" to share in the fears that excessive armaments might bring about war. Their attitude furnished a striking example of what Kipling

> Heathen faith which puts its trust
> In reeking tube or iron shard
> All valiant dust that builds on dust
> And guarding, calls not Thee to guard.

A truer note was sounded by M. Lèon Bourgeois when he said:

> The object of civilization seems to us to be to abolish more and more the struggle for life between men, and to put in its stead an accord between them for the strugle against the unrelenting forces of nature.

But so the great competitive race in warlike preparations went on, Germany straining every nerve to outdo all others, and to overwhelm the neighboring countries with an attack in such force as to lay prostrate at her feet the civilization of France, the commercial supremacy of Great Britain, and the potential power of Russia—as a prelude to the extension of her dominion throughout the rest of the world. Man proposes, God disposes. The German armies were defeated. The German navy lacked the courage to measure strength with the Allies and surrendered without firing a shot. The Peace Treaty of Versailles was framed to secure against a new growth of German military or naval power. More than that, the limitations imposed upon the maintenance of armies or navies in Germany, and the prohibition against unusual military service by her youth, were stated to be designed "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations." With a view to the accomplishment of this wider object, a League of Nations was organized "in order to promote

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international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security."

In carrying out this high purpose, Article VIII of the Covenant of the League sets forth that

> The members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety, and the enforcement by common action of international obligations.

The Council, "taking account of the geographical situation and circumstances of each state", was required to "formulate plans for such reduction for the consideration and action of the several governments." It also was provided that after such plans "shall have been adopted by the several Governments, limits of armament therein fixed shall not be exceeded without the concurrence of the Council."

It was also agreed "that the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war is open to grave objections", and the Council was required to "advise how the evils attendant upon such manufacture can be prevented, due regard being had to the necessities of those members of the League which are not able to manufacture the munitions and implements of war necessary for their safety." Finally, the Members of the League undertook "to interchange full and frank information as to the scale of their armaments, their military and naval programs, and the condition of such of their industries as are adaptable to warlike purposes".

During the months of uncertainty as to the final attitude of the United States with respect to the treaty of Versailles, the Supreme War Council of the Allied Nations retained its jurisdiction over European affairs, and the League of Nations did not come into the full and effective exercise of the functions entrusted to it by the Covenant. But in March, 1920, the Supreme War Council resolved that "in order to diminish the economic difficulties of Europe, armies should everywhere be reduced to a peace footing,

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armaments should be limited to the lowest possible figure compatible with national security, and the League of Nations should be invited to examine proposals to that end without delay".

The Council of the League of Nations thereupon appointed a "Temporary Mixed Commission on Armaments" to report to the Assembly. Its report was submitted September fifteenth, 1921, and was followed on September twenty-seventh by a report of a Committee of the Assembly prepared by Lord Robert Cecil, renewing the work of the Mixed Committee and indicating the lines of future operation. This report dealt with a number of questions, but Lord Robert Cecil wrote:

> No complete scheme of reduction of armaments can be carried out without the cooperation of the United States, Germany, and Russia. In particular, the naval strength of the first named power makes any scheme of naval disarmament impossible without her support, and it is for that reason among others that the Committee warmly welcomes the forthcoming Conference in Washington, and trusts that it may be fruitful in securing a large measure of reduction of armaments.

The call for a Conference of the great naval powers and other powers having interests in the Pacific, to be held at Washington, for the consideration of plans for the restriction of naval armament, came on the heels of the passage by Congress of a bill appropriating four hundred and ten million dollars for the naval establishment in the current fiscal year. The virus of naval competition had begun to work in America during the great war, and the fever of competition was still so active in 1921, that the Senate proposed to increase the naval appropriation from four hundred to five hundred million dollars, but the House of Representatives refused its consent. The excuse advanced for this extravagant expenditure of public moneys was, that the United States must have a navy equal in size and strength to that of Great Britain, and so much larger and stronger than that of Japan as to be able at all times to overawe her. Japan, since the overthrow of Ger-

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many, has become the "bogey-man" whose sinister designs against the United States require, in the minds of many people, the construction of a great and powerful American navy, constant apprehension of her designs and watchfulness of her actions. Doubtless, with this in mind, Senator Borah caused to be inserted in the Naval Appropriation Bill a clause requesting the President to invite Great Britain and Japan to a conference for the purpose of reaching an agreement substantially to reduce the naval expenditures and building programs of all three nations annually during the next five years. But the President, in acting on this suggestion, looked far beyond its limitations. Possibly he saw in it an opportunity once more to range America in the movement which she had so nobly aided at the Hague Conferences, looking towards measures to secure the peace of the world. She had stood aside from the League of Nations, even though its constitution embodied those principles of peaceful settlement of international disputes, and the restriction of warlike preparations for which American governments had stood throughout our history.

A traditional dread of political entanglements in the affairs of Europe lay across the threshold, and prevented American ratification of the Versailles treaty.

But here was an opportunity to show that we are not animated by military ambitions or lust of conquest. Here was the occasion to pick up the threads dropped at the Second Hague Conference, and to lead the nations into the ways of ordered and ensured peace. The proposal made by Secretary Hughes at the opening of the Conference struck boldly at the very heart of the matter. Recognizing, as his predecessors had done in 1817, 1898, and 1907, the evil consequences of competitive armaments, he proposed nothing less than the destruction of sixty-six capital ships belonging to the United States, Great Britain, and Japan—the establishment of a certain proportionate strength of naval equipment between the powers, and an

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agreement restricting the construction of vessels-of-war for a period of ten years.

The estimated savings in expense to the three nations principally concerned in this program, is six hundred million dollars a year, or six billion dollars for the ten year period. The effect upon the peace of the world of the ending of competitive navy building is beyond calculation.

Well might Mr. Lloyd George say, as he did at the Guildhall a few days after this proposal was laid before the Conference, "the Washington Conference is like a rainbow across the sky".

But it is not enough to restrict armaments. If irritating causes of antagonism between nations exist, the danger of armed conflict is continually present and nations may fight with what weapons they possess. For twenty-five years past, the growing weakness of the Chinese government has furnished occasion for acts of lawlessness on the part of her people against the nationals of other countries within her borders, followed by retaliation by those governments and the granting in reparation by China of commercial or political concessions over ports and adjacent territory. The injurious effects upon American commerce of these various cessions to Germany, Great Britain, France, Russia and Japan, led Secretary Hay in 1900 to secure an agreement by all of them, that so far as they could influence it, the littoral ports and those on the rivers of China should remain free and open to trade and to every other legitimate form of economic activity for the nationals of all countries without distinction, and that this should especially be so within the so-called "spheres of influence or interest" claimed by the various European powers in China.

This was the famous Hay "open door" policy, intended "to safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire".

What Mr. Hay feared, was discrimination against American commerce with China in favor of the various other

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nations which had secured special concessions in the ports and on the rivers of China. Under Mr. Root in 1908 and Mr. Lansing in 1917, agreements were made with Japan reiterating the intention of both countries to support "the independence and integrity of China"; to preserve "the common interest of all powers in China and the principle of equal opportunity for commerce and industry of all nations in that Empire". The markets of China increasingly became objects of interest on the part of other nations. In 1917, by the Lansing-Ishii notes, our government recognized "that territorial propinquity creates special relations between countries". Our Monroe Doctrine necessarily involves the affirmation of such a principle.

But Mr. Lansing conceded "that Japan has special interests in China, particularly in the part to which her possessions are contiguous". The nature of such *special interests* has been the subject of much discussion. Japan however expressly disclaimed any desire "to discriminate against the trade of other nations or to disregard the commercial rights granted by China in treaties with other powers". She reasserted her acceptance of the policy of the open door, or "equal opportunity for commerce and industry in China". As the result of her war with Russia, Japan secured control of Korea and South Manchuria, including the ports of Port Arthur and Dalny. As a result of the world war, she secured a transfer to herself of the rights previously granted by China to Germany in and about the port of Kiaochow, and respecting the railroads in Shantung. This transfer has been the occasion of much adverse criticism and Japan more than once has announced her intention of returning these acquisitions to China. Proposals for the cession by other powers of political and territorial concessions in China are also being made. Were it not for the weakness of China, no doubt almost all would be returned. It cannot be doubted that for Great Britain to give up Hong Kong—or Japan, Port Arthur, would mean a serious blow to the commercial

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interests of all foreign countries engaged in commerce in the East. Nor would it seem to be to the interest of civilization for Japan to abandon Korea or South Manchuria. The vast improvement in those countries under Japanese rule is obvious, despite the undoubted abuse of police authority in Korea. Until there is developed in China a national spirit, and there is established a government strong enough to command respect at home and abroad, the only way to secure fair treatment of all nations engaged in trade with China must be through a Consortium or agreement of those nations.

Such a result is foreshadowed in the proposed agreement between the eight or nine powers interested in the Pacific, defining their attitude towards China and especially agreeing not to secure any further grants or concessions of political rights from China. This agreement is to be accompanied by certain measures designed to give the Chinese people incentives to support and strengthen their national government. Japan and Great Britain propose to give up all rights in Kiaochow and Wei-hai Wai; the interests of Japan in the Shantung railway are to be acquired by China; the powers are to give up their separate post offices in China; a commission is to be appointed to investigate and report within one year on the administration of justice in China. If the result is satisfactory they will surrender their extra-territorial jurisdiction. The clash of interests between the United States and Japan over the Island of Yap, has been settled by an agreement, which, incidentally, recognizes the rights of Japan as mandatory under the League of Nations over the islands formerly belonging to Germany north of the Equator. Finally, by a treaty formulated between the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan, these powers agree as between themselves "to respect their rights in relation to their insular possessions and insular dominions in the Pacific Ocean," and that in case of controversies, either between themselves, or resulting from aggressive action by others, they will confer or communicate

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with each other as to the most efficient method of meeting the situation. This agreement is to continue for ten years, after which any party may withdraw on a year's notice.

This is a wonderful program to have been accomplished within a month. It demonstrates the value of conference. It constitutes a great step towards securing lasting peace by removing causes of irritation and antagonism. Only those will oppose it who would sacrifice the attainable for the impossible. It marks a new attitude on the part of America towards the post-war problems of the world. It affords a basis for the hope that the next step may be in the direction of Europe, whose problems, infinitely more actual in their relation to America than those of Asia, cannot satisfactorily be solved without our aid. So may we strengthen our leadership and justify our prosperity in the eyes of the nations and in the sight of God.

THE LOST ROAD

By VICTOR STARBUCK

There is a winding road that runs
  Through pines of yesterday;
Cool-glimmering in the light of faded suns,
  Soundless and gray.

Across the green and quiet land
  Tented with topless sky,
All silent, over shadow-checkered sand,
  The dreams go by—

Go by to dim-remembered lands
  Beyond the realm of sight,
Where dwell enchantresses with pale, cold hands,
  And fay, and knight.

Therein a willow-bordered stream
  Past ivied turrets flows,
Where troubadours make rhyme and damsels dream
  Under the rose.

And there are dolorous cities, smit
  With war and death and tears—
I shall not find, although I seek for it
  A thousand years.

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MONTENEGRO BETRAYED BY THE ALLIES

By LUIGI CRISCUOLO

Great Tsernagora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.—TENNYSON.

AS this article was being planned, the metropolitan press reported with black headlines the invasion of Albania by Jugo-Slav troops. Only a few months ago His Grace, Bishop Nicholai was in this country soliciting the aid of philanthropic Americans for the poor, starving children of Serbia. At about the same time, Serbs were committing unmentionable crimes among the people of Montenegro! The Serbs have no money to feed their starving children but they are well supplied with funds and munitions with which to carry on warfare against their neighbors—Albanians and Montenegrins!

How long will America suffer such conditions to exist in the Balkans? The British, French, and even Italian governments have absolutely ignored the rights of Montenegro because they all have particular political interests to foster. England has manifested her sympathy for Montenegro but has taken no positive action. France has been using every effort to establish a Greater Serbia so as to counterbalance the influence of Italy in the Adriatic. Italy has been interested in concluding an accord with Jugo-Slavia for commercial reasons, so that in the Treaty of Rapallo no mention was made of Montenegro. This is strange because the Italian people are attached to the House of Montenegro because it represents Queen Helena's family, and the Italians love their Queen because she did more than her duty during the war.

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The trials of the Montenegrins made us wonder whether there is justice for small nations. In November, 1918, Serbia committed her first crime against Montenegro, when she proclaimed the forced annexation of the country with the support of France and its Generals (Franchet d'Esperey and Venel) who were then in command of the Allied troops in the Balkans. In May, 1919, the Committee of Montenegrin Refugees submitted to the French republic a memorandum in which it exposed the participation of French diplomacy in this crime, and supported the accusations by documentary evidence.

The French republic assisted Serbia in every way in its designs to destroy the sovereignty of Montenegro and the English government, through the medium of Lord Curzon, supported France's attitude by not taking any steps. It was simply a question of England not wishing to complicate the already dangerous conditions in the Balkans. French policy favored Serbia's ascendancy in the Adriatic to counterbalance Italy's influence.

The English government had in 1919 instructed its Minister to the Vatican, Count de Salis, to make an investigation into the situation in Montenegro. It was announced at the time that as soon as this report was available it would be made public. The report arrived but was never communicated to the members of Parliament, even in part. Lord Curzon attempted to justify his conduct by declaring that he could not submit the report for "fear of compromising the informants of Count de Salis and thus exposing them to reprisals."

Imagine this: Lord Curzon made an admission that if the report were made public, the informants of the Count de Salis would be subjected to reprisals (on the part of the Serbians, surely). Yet the great British government with every means at hand, would have taken no steps to protect its informants! To the contrary, in a recent article in the *New York Times,* which has every indication of being "inspired", the statement is made that Count de Salis' re-

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port was not published because it could not have been without denouncing the Italian origin of some of the stories. Still, a Montenegrin government official publication, "The Bloody Album of the Karageorgevitch," gives in detail many specific and documented instances of crimes committed against Montenegrin men, women, and childrern of all ages.

It has been the opinion in Montenegrin official circles that in sending Count de Salis to Montenegro, Lord Curzon had hoped to obtain a report favorable to Serbia, one perhaps denying that the Montenegrins were being persecuted. It is believed that, having obtained a report *contrary* to his expectations, Lord Curzon decided to repudiate his previous promises and keep the report hidden. In spite of Lord Curzon's attitude, Mr. Lloyd George was more sincere in a declaration made in the House of Commons in March of 1920. He said that he could not communicate Count de Salis' report to them *because it would be injurious on account of Serbia and another Allied Government* (France, of course!)

The British government knew the contents of Count de Salis' report and did nothing to uphold the sovereignty of the Montenegrin state, although the Allies had repeatedly affirmed that the integrity of Montenegro would be maintained. For example, here are a few quotations:

> Great Britain will continue war energetically until Belgium, Serbia, and *Montenegro* are restored!—(Lord Asquith, January tenth, 1916.)
>
> —before all, the restorations of Belgium, Serbia, and *Montenegro,* with the compensations due to them.—(Conditions of Peace submitted by the Allied Powers to President Wilson, January tenth, 1917.)
>
> But even though the present time is that of the great nations, yet the time of the small nations should come first, because round them is concentrated this great fight for freedom, that is round Belgium, round Serbia, *Montenegro,* and Roumania.
>
> It was to them that the oppressor first threw his glove, and provoked them; they were the first to start this fight which

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will decide as to the future of humanity; they are temporarily overwhelmed by the much greater military force, but not one of them regretted having picked up the said glove, neither did one of them renounce her independence.

The day of their restoration will also be the day of deliverance for the world.—(Lloyd George.)

Nothing is more characteristic or eloquent than the long series of peoples who of their own free wills, took up arms on our side, after the attack on France and Belgium. In 1914, Great Britain, *Montenegro,* Japan; and in 1915, Italy, etc.—(Poincaré.)

Montenegro will be restored.—(President Wilson, in Article Two of the Message of January eighth, 1917.)

Your Majesty may be assured that the troops placed under the command of General Franchet d'Esperey will neglect nothing to assure in Your Kingdom the maintenance of order, and that they will put into practice the respect of the constitutional authorities as well as of the liberties of the people of *Montenegro.* —(Pichon, in a letter addressed to the King of Montenegro on November fourth, 1918.)

As regards the French troops called upon to occupy provisionally the territory of Your Kingdom, respectful of established institutions, they will apply themselves to maintain order, by assisting to the best of their ability the population, so as to prepare the reestablishment of normal life, which was deeply disturbed by the painful trials resulting from the enemy's occupation.

It appears preferable that Your Majesty should wait, to return to Your Kingdom, until this end has been reached and life should have resumed its habitual course in Montenegro.

The presence of the Allied troops, the cooperation which they will lend to the inhabitants, will contribute no doubt to hasten this moment which Your Majesty's every wish is awaiting. As soon as it has arrived, the Government of the Republic will be happy, Your Majesty, to facilitate your return voyage.—(Poincaré, in a letter addressed to the King of Montenegro, November twenty-fourth, 1918.)

Montenegro will be represented by a delegate, but the rules concerning the appointment of this delegate will only be determined at the time when the political situation of that country will have been cleared up.—(Decision of the Supreme Council, January thirteenth, 1919.)

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In spite of all these protestations of friendship on the part of powerful allies, Serbia found it possible to annex her ally Montenegro by force. Naturally, the great Allies could not openly approve and sanction the crime Serbia had committed against an allied and sovereign state, but they obtained the same result by suspending the payment of monthly credits which had been granted to Montenegro during the war and, in this manner, hoped to stifle any protest which might be made before civilized peoples on behalf of the Montenegrins.

Lord Curzon stated in June of 1920 that the Montenegrin people would be given the opportunity to declare themselves as to their future in the Jugo-Slav constituent. In November of the same year, Mr. Harmsworth, British Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, promised to send, in the name of the British government, four officers to Montenegro charged to control the elections for the Jugo-Slav constituent to be held on November twenty-seventh. Does it not seem strange that the Allies which considered Montenegro to be a sovereign state should have permitted the *Serbian* government to prescribe and direct elections in Montenegro? It was quite impossible then to take seriously the *free determination* of the Montenegrin people when it was known that over half of the electors were either in exile, fighting with arms in their hands in the mountains, or languishing in prison for political offenses. How can anyone have ever talked of the "manifestation of the will of the Montenegrin people" when those people found themselves under a sanguinary régime which outdid the cruelties of the Hapsburgs at their worst!

Why did France continue to support an imperialistic Serbia? For economic as well as political reasons. First, because Serbia offered a good field for the employment of French capital and, second, because France was jealous of Italy's ascendancy in the Mediterranean—in Africa, in the Near East, and in the Balkans—and decided to use Serbia as the means of keeping Italy down to the level

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of a second class power, if possible. There was in Paris a prominent journalist who for years had been in the employ of the Turkish government, who, for pay, placed himself at the service of another group of despots—those of Belgrade. This journalist launched an infamous campaign of denigration against Montenegro. He claimed that the country was the secret agent of Austria, and a traitor to the Allied cause. At the same time, this journalist was favored secretly by the French government and sustained the necessity for the maintenance of Austria on a federal basis under the Hapsburgs.

Last March, the metropolitan press called attention to the fact that the Montenegrins had revolted against their Serbian oppressors, which report was instantly denied by the Serbian Minister to Washington, Mr. Slavko Grouitch. I wrote a letter which was published in the *New York Tribune,* from which the following lines are quoted:

> According to a statement issued by the Minister of the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, there is no foundation for the report that the Montenegrins had declared a holy war against the Serbs or that fighting was going on between the Serbian and Montenegrin troops. Does it not seem that the denial, if warranted, should also come from the Montenegrin Ministry?
>
> * * * * *
>
> It may be that there is no truth in the report of a holy war, but it is true that there are committees in Italy, France, and England which have been working to obtain recognition by the Allies of Montenegrin aspirations. A committee that is particularly active is located in Switzerland. Recently the latter has been making a vigorous appeal to the Allies to assure the independence of Montenegro from the Serbian confederation, and to put a stop to alleged Serbian atrocities.
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>
> In its attitude towards Montenegro, Serbia is evidently using the same methods which Austria used for centuries against Italy as well as Serbia, Montenegro and other subject peoples. If the reports are untrue it is strange that they should emanate spasmodically from various points. The American people should ask for an explanation of the reported ill treatment of the heroic

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Montenegrins. Let us not forget that their king has just died of a broken heart.

In reply to my communication, the Hon. William Frederick Dix, until then Consul General of Montenegro in New York and Chargé d'Affaires of the Legation at Washington, wrote to the *Tribune*, in part as follows:

There is no Minister of Montenegro in this country at present. I represented that ill-treated country in the United States as consul general in charge of the legation until the latter part of January, 1921, when my letters patent were revoked by our State Department presumably because the Administration in power at that time decided to no longer recognize Montenegro as an independent power. There can, therefore, be no official statement on the subject.

Writing personally, it is my opinion, based upon considerable information received from Montenegrin authorities, that the splendid people of this heroic country, who have maintained their independence for six hundred years, will never consent to have their autonomy wiped out, or to have Montenegro become a department of greater Serbia. I believe they would be willing to become part of the confederation of Jugo-Slavia, but their abandonment by the Allied and associated powers seems to be in direct violation of specific promises to Montenegro when she so gallantly flung her entire army, at the outbreak of the war, against the Austrians.

In the fact of these fair promises Serbia has been allowed to overrun Montenegro and maintain a reign of terror there for the last two or three years, and our people generally do not seem to realize that the so-called Jugo-Slavia federation seems to be merely a camouflaged term for a greater Serbia, ruled over by the Karageorgevitch dynasty, whose aim is to absorb and obliterate such smaller nations as Montenegro, Albania, and neighboring countries.

While I know nothing about the alleged holy war in Montenegro, I believe that the Montenegrins, who are the aristocrats of the Balkans, will never consent to have their nationality effaced. A Jugo-Slavic federation is one thing, but a great Serbia is something entirely different, and I do not believe that any satisfactory peace can ever be established in the Balkans until Montenegro is accorded the same status as that of its neighboring countries, as specified in Article Two of President Wilson's Fourteen Points.

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Here we have the word of an American citizen, lately holding an honorary diplomatic office, who in private life is the Secretary of one of the largest insurance companies in the world, a man connected with the most influential business interests in New York.

In the spring of this year there was launched from Geneva by the Committee which I have the honor to represent here, an appeal to the civilized nations of the world, asking for signatures to the following declaration:

> In spite of the formal and solemn promises of the Allied and associated governments, guaranteeing the independence and the sovereignty of Montenegro; in spite of reiterated affirmations that the Allies took up arms to defend the dignity of peoples and independence of the nations, we are today assisting at the most barbarous persecution and systematic extermination of the Montenegrin people, whose country has been ravished from them by an annexation at once hypocritical and brutal.
>
> The International Committee for Montenegrin Independence; the International Office for the Defense of the Rights of Peoples, at Geneva; the Pro-Montenegrin committees in America, in England, in Italy and in France; as well as the undersigned, demand, in the name of Humanity thirsting for peace and justice, in the name of the morality which is its base, in short, in the name of thousands of Montenegrins, of their wives and children who are suffering and dying:
>
> The evacuation of Montenegro by the Serbian troops and authorities.
>
> The consultation of the Montenegrin people by means of a free plebiscite and with every guarantee of impartiality.
>
> The dispatch of an impartial commission of enquiry to establish the conduct of the Serbs in Montenegro, conduct which is, according even to the confession of the Belgrade and Agram press, contrary to the most elementary principles of morality and humanity.

This was followed on September first, 1921, by a memorandum submitted by His Excellency, Dr. Pierre Chotch, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Montenegro, to the League of Nations at Geneva. The memorandum embraces a good part of the arguments and facts cited in this article, which

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need not be repeated—but up to this writing no action has been taken.

It is regrettable that there seems to be a tendency on the part of some American newspapers to discredit Montenegro at every turn. Only a few weeks ago there appeared an item to the effect that Queen Milena had dissolved the government and dismissed her ministers. The article was followed by a long dissertation in which the writer endeavored to place Montenegro in an unfavorable light. Had the article been based on facts, no mention of it would have been made here, but as it was obviously inspired from Serbian sources, a citation is not out of place. Had Queen Milena actually abdicated, we would have seen the spectacle of a brave people being sacrificed on account of the indifference of the great powers which agreed many times to uphold their sovereignty.

Americans have a certain responsibility, I am sure, for the fate of Montenegro, even though they may feel it their duty to keep out of European entanglements. In permitting ex-President Wilson to represent them at Versailles, the American people assumed an obligation which they cannot easily discard. While later the American people, through the Congress and Senate, attempted to repudiate Wilson's actions, they made no attempt to discredit him while he was at the conference. No matter what attitude may be taken now by President Harding, Secretary of State Hughes, and Senator Lodge on the question of European relations, certain obligations were incurred by the then President of the United States. While we may differ as to the methods used by President Wilson on some points, we must admit that in principle he meant to do what he thought was best for his country and the world at large.

There is no doubt that Wilson and Clemenceau were largely responsible for the creation of Jugo-Slavia—a Greater Serbia. Wilson had undoubtedly altruistic motives, although it has been said that American interests were

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desirous of gaining commercial influence in the Balkans. Clemenceau, however, had one predominant reason to sponsor a Greater Serbia—the humiliation of Italy and the lessening of her influence in the Mediterranean, and the substitution of French influence, both from a political as well as commercial standpoint. On the face of it, the theory set forth by the geographical and historical experts was that the Montenegrins and Serbians were both Serbs, or southern Slavs, and should belong together. They failed to realize that the Croatians who are also Slavs, hate the Serbians, and that the Montenegrins want to be autonomous and not a part of a Greater Serbia.

The desire for autonomy on the part of the Montenegrins has caused the Serbians to use force to intimidate these brave people, so that many of them are refugees in Italy and have been for some time maintained there at the expense of the Italian government. That atrocities have been committed by the Serbians in Montenegro is still undenied, crimes having been committed by the Serbians against Montenegrin women and children as well as men. It is impossible in an article of this kind to give the details of the crimes, but it is sufficient to repeat that they were far more revolting than those committed by the Austrians in the days they dominated Serbia or Italy.

What can the United States do? I do not pretend that it should send a fleet or troops to Serbia, but it seems strange that Americans should maintain relations with a despotic nation like Serbia. It is to be regretted that the United States should allow Serbia's representatives to remain in Washington, and to allow its own representatives to remain at Belgrade, while no reparations have been made for the crimes committed against the Montenegrins. Americans who defended the Cubans from Spanish tyranny can afford to look across the seas and warn Serbia to cease oppressing the Montenegrins, or expect the United States to sever relations with her.

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THE FREEDOM OF IRELAND

By DANIEL F. COHALAN, LL. D.

ON December sixth the world was startled by the word sent from London that peace had been made between the English and Irish; and that England had recognized the independence of Ireland. With a great flourish of trumpets the word was passed around the world that an Irish Free State had come into existence. A ringing chorus of approval of the magnanimity and generosity of England was raised by her spokesmen and agents in all lands, and the cry was repeated from mouth to mouth that at last this age-long conflict had been settled, and after seven hundred and fifty years of struggle a peace of justice and of liberty had prevailed. For five months at the London conference the representatives of the British Cabinet and men sent to speak for the Irish Republic had been engaged in long drawn out negotiations to see if all differences could be adjusted and peace made between what Lloyd George has called the two great parent races of British civilization. Crisis after crisis had occurred during the conference and the final announcement of a settlement was made within a dozen hours after the world had been advised that negotiations finally had been broken off.

What is it that actually has come out of this conference in London—war or peace?—a recognition of the independence of Ireland or the final absorption into the British Empire of a people who for centuries have been struggling for absolute separation and for the chance of resuming their ancient liberty or independence? This is a question of so much importance to the people of the world generally, and particularly to those of America who have done so

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much to make Irish liberty possible, that it merits the most careful examination, the most patient study and the most thorough analysis.

The question of Irish liberty has for so long a time appealed to sentiment and to emotion, that it is difficult to have it examined as a matter of the head rather than of the heart. There has been so much passion for centuries past engendered by the relations between the two countries, that until the very recent past it was difficult to have the matter discussed without heat or prejudice, or pre-conceived conclusions. It is an old question and in the last analysis a simple one; but it has been so covered over by generations of misstatement and misrepresentation that it is difficult for the ordinary man to get a fair view of it. The Irish question reduced to its most simple form is whether or not Ireland belongs to the people of Ireland and should be governed by them in and for their own interest without pressure or interference from others.

The people of Ireland insist that Ireland belongs to the Irish. They have been asking through the centuries—latterly with the close attention of much of mankind—for the exercise of that right. They ask for no territory outside of Ireland. They insist that all of the land within the four seas belongs to Ireland and constitutes a distinct, separate and individual country. England and her friends, on the other hand, insist that the fate and control of Ireland are indissolubly bound up with the British Empire; that because of her geographical position of accessibility to England; of location with relation to sea routes and ocean control, that the safety and security of the British Empire are absolutely dependent upon England's control of Ireland. With these two positions in mind and with some understanding of the conditions at present confronting England and of events that have occurred since the outbreak of the world war in 1914 in Ireland and England, it is easy to come to a decision as to what was accomplished at the London conference.

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England, her far flung empire covering more territory than any other power that ever existed in the history of the world has covered, is faced with difficulties and dangers which stagger the imagination. It is no exaggeration to say that her difficulties, her dangers and her weakness are in proportion to her size, her commerce and her ambitions. As a result of the world war she is bending under a debt almost of ten billions of pounds. On the evening of November ninth, 1921, Sir Robert Horne, Chancellor of the Exchequer, reported to the House of Commons that her deficit for the fiscal year ending in March next will be almost a billion dollars, and that the outlook for next year was even more gloomy because of the facts that her income would then be less than it has been this year and she would have to provide for interest upon her indebtedness, of about five billions of dollars, to the United States. Her economic situation, as Harold Begbie, one of her leading writers, has recently shown, is one that is almost hopeless. She cannot successfully compete in the markets of the world with the workers of the continental countries, who, driven by the direst necessity, work longer hours and for smaller wages than the English workers will work. Her depreciated currency can no longer buy the raw materials necessary for her workshops at figures that will enable her to manufacture and re-sell at a profit, as compared with more favored countries. Her working classes have largely exhausted the savings from the high wages made during the progress of the war and several millions of them are not alone out of work, but are receiving State aid from the depleted exchequer.

Abroad, England finds herself in increasing difficulties with France: in open antagonism to Russia, with all that means to her Eastern Empire upon which is raised the superstucture of her power. In spite of the advances recently made to her by Germany, her efforts to bring about better relations with that great industrial people are received with sullen bitterness. The smaller countries of

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the continent fear her power and distrust her intentions. In the near East the militant Turks under Kemal Pasha have been driven by her diplomacy into the arms of France and her hold upon her possessions in Western Asia is visibly shaken. India, the great treasure house, from which she has drawn sustenance and wealth for generations is seething with discontent and open revolution. Egypt, upon which she has fastened her hold in order to keep open her highways to the East, is slipping from her grasp; and Ireland, after two years of war in which all of England's favorite weapons were used, has compelled England to make a truce and transfer her efforts to maintain her rule from the field of war to the field of diplomacy. In China and in other parts of the Far East, England is faced with new exertions if she is to maintain her position as against that of the growing and aggressive empire of Japan. On the seas from which she can alone receive the revenue which she must have in order to survive, she has been faced with the prospect of American supremacy and of the maintenance of a permanent mercantile fleet that will relegate her to a second rate position.

Under these conditions the astute, adroit and able men who represent the ruling class in England have been quick to recognize that only through diplomacy can the British Empire be saved. Diplomacy has been for centuries the favored weapon of the Englishman. No other group of men in history has been able to wield that weapon as capably or as effectively as they have been. They have taken it up at the present to see if through its use they can regain for themselves the control which is slipping away from them in so many quarters of the globe. They have tried it in London as they are now trying it in the conference at Washington. But it is well to remember that it is the last weapon of the conqueror. When the vigor of strength has passed either with a man or an empire, it is on shrewdness and conniving that reliance is placed to hold that which strength has won. The last days of all the great empires of the past have seen

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diplomacy displace military power as the weapon of government. So it was with Rome, so it must be with England. To survive she must use this weapon with even greater dexterity than in her past.

Can she do so? In Lloyd George she has a master diplomat. He is without an equal in the success of his methods. At London he has out-generalled and out-manoeuvred the representatives of Ireland and has won for his country at least a temporary victory that will enable him to turn all the efforts and strength of England into the solution of other problems that are pressing hard against her rule. He has gained what will be regarded by the vast majority of mankind as the substance and given to his opponents only the mere shadow of that to which they have claimed. In the strategy of the situation he won when he induced the representatives of the Irish Republic to take part in the conference at London. They have won on some points in tactics, but in the larger aspects of the case his victory is a sweeping one. He has convinced the world in general, including much of America, that he has made a real settlement between the peoples of England and of Ireland and established permanent peace between them. With the genius for inventing new terms, or new names, wherever they serve English interests, he and his associates have given to the government which they propose to set up the name of the Irish Free State. The slightest examination of its limitations will show how great a misnomer that title is. He has retained for England the control of the great Irish ports and naval stations. He will place upon the people of Ireland a proportion of the vast English public debt, so great as to swamp any prosperity which may come under the new government. He has provided for his friends in Northeast Ireland, with the consent of the rest of Ireland, by establishing a permanent English bridgehead on Irish soil. More than all, he has removed the great moral argument against English control of Ireland by getting her representatives to consent to absorption into the British Empire.

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To be sure, as against that, he has been compelled to admit the right of the people of Ireland to choose their own form of government, but that is a right, as he has carefully arranged, that connot be exercised in the way of independence for some years to come. The people of Ireland may in many material ways be better off by making peace with England on Lloyd George's terms, but they will not thus gain for themselves a victory like unto that which Washington gained in the Revolution. Harassed and harried by war, for the last two years, carried on in the most approved English manner, the majority of the people of Ireland may probably give their assent to the terms laid down by England and may, more or less, comfortably take the place assigned to them within the British Empire. But as no question can be settled until it can be settled right, no proposal of this kind brings to a finality the struggle for independence which has been carried on for centuries. No peace made under duress and coercion is binding either in law or morals.

Parnell, the great Irishman of another generation, said long ago that no man could set bounds to the onward march of a nation on the road to liberty. There will remain now in Ireland a great minority sincerely convinced that there can be no peace until Ireland has gained real independence, and the march of events will show that the weakness or incapacity of those who represented Ireland in those negotiations, will not prevent Ireland from emerging into the full noon day of liberty.

But as Americans we are more vitally interested in the results likely to flow from this proposal in America than in Ireland. Lloyd George has not made these terms with Ireland for the sole purpose of putting an end to the war which has been carried on there. He has been keenly alive to the fact that, as the very salvation of England requires an alliance to be made with America, it must be after the opposition of Americans of Irish blood has been removed. On this question he has fallen into the same error

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into which Mr. de Valera fell when he was here last year. He believes as de Valera then appeared to believe, that these millions of American citizens may be influenced in their political actions by questions affecting Ireland, rather than by questions affecting America. He is due for the same rude awakening as came to de Valera. He will find that there has grown up in this country a real American race into which has been absorbed all the great strains of blood that have come to this land from Europe, and that in the main, Americans while sympathetic with other peoples who have been struggling against oppression, are first of all and above all, true to the ideals and interests of America. Lloyd George may have been encouraged by the noisy minority who have been crying out for closer relations with England into the belief that America was still at heart a British colony, but those who know our country best know that any schemes of foreign entanglements presented to us at the so-called Disarmament Conference in Washington are doomed to the same end as that which met the League of Nations.

Harding and Hughes can no more draw America away from Washington's advice against entangling alliances and from the Monroe Doctrine than could Wilson and his associates. The Americans of Irish blood showed by their actions in the League of Nations' fight that they understood foreign affairs better than any other group of American citizens, and that they were determined to protect and preserve their country from all foreign entanglements and dangers. Many of them who were foremost in the last fight, feel that the conference at Washington is only another effort to put us into the League of Nations. An effort made, despite the overwhelming verdict of the people—an effort which looked as inevitable, and which failed of success, as did the one which culminated in November, 1920. Close students of our affairs since the days of the Revolution have realized that in the last analysis, the Senate of the United States was the guardian of the rights and liberties of our

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land. The great leaders of that body who did such manful service for liberty in the last fight are aroused now to the present effort to destroy our security and undermine our strength.

It is a curious and significant fact that the final meeting of the minds of the conferees at London came just at the time when it would in the natural order of things seem to be of most help to England in her fight at Washington to secure the continued control of the seas and a practical alliance with America, that would, like Article Ten of the League of Nations, guarantee to the English ruling class the territorial integrity of their Empire. The stage play at London has not deceived the real friends of liberty in America. Just as de Valera during the height of the American fight against the League of Nations in 1920 tried to bring Americans of Irish blood to the side of Wilson and the League, while pretending after Wilson's signal defeat, to have been largely responsible for it, so now Collins, fresh from his negotiations in London, has been indiscreet enough to urge that with the establishment of an Irish Free State, America should join the League of Nations. It is time for these statesmen newly representing the British Empire, as well as for Lloyd George, and those for a long time associated with him, to recognize the fact that twenty millions of Americans of Irish blood have but one country and but one flag and owe no allegiance or fealty to any government or any autocrat outside our shores. The same forces which helped so greatly in arousing America to her dangers in England's last effort to make us a part of her policy of imperialism are ready and alert to the new problems brought forward through the weakness of Mr. Harding or the lack of diplomatic experience on the part of Mr. Hughes. They will not be moved from their convictions by impotent abuse or idle threats. Lloyd George has temporarily gained a great diplomatic victory in Ireland, but the forces of liberty, like John Brown's soul, will go marching on.

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THE CONFISCATION OF WEALTH

By PERCY H. JOHNSTON

"THE power to tax is the power to destroy," said Chief Justice John Marshall. The exercising today of that power beyond the limits of discretion and good judgment will unquestionably spell disaster. The prosperity of the country depends upon the taxation laws in a larger measure than is generally appreciated, and it is therefore that every man, woman and child in the land is directly concerned in the provisions of the temporary tax law recently passed by Congress. Since the selfish dictates of human nature compel one to look at the proposition from the standpoint of how he himself will be affected, it will be well to analyze the continuation of high surtaxes on incomes and profits from the standpoint of the various parties interested.

Contrary to the generally accepted opinion, the rich man has less fault to find with high rates on large incomes than any other class, since all he has to do is to invest his wealth in securities which are exempt from taxation. It is not the possession of wealth that has come to be regarded in the eyes of the law makers as criminal and therefore to be punished, but it is rather the acquiring of wealth that is judged a menace and for that reason to be abolished. The rich man realizes that being the possessor of property he should contribute more toward deferring the cost of operating the state than his less fortunate brother, but he does object to what seems to him to be confiscation by due process of law. Should his business ventures this year prove unsuccessful, he is obliged to assume the entire loss, while he is still liable for enormous taxes because of last year's profits. He is playing a game by the rules of which, if he

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is successful, the Government claims a large part of the profits. Should he be unsuccessful, the total loss is to be borne by him. This means that he is not justified in assuming the risks of trade and he, therefore, diverts his wealth from channels of development and production into the stagnant pools of tax exempt securities. Thus an end is put to those enterprises of a venturesome character through which the great American wilderness has been transformed into the most fertile continent of the world.

The common birthright of every American is the incentive for endeavor and the reward for accomplishment. Incentive is the very soul of endeavor, the basis of all ambition. To impose a penalty upon success is to rob ambition of incentive and cast a blight upon enterprise and endeavor. Under monarchy rule the distinctive classes are definitely fixed. Under communistic form of government all classes are leveled into one. Under a democratic form of government, and under that form alone, is the opportunity afforded to better one's state through endeavor. Let us be not unmindful of the fact that it was the young man of limited means and unlimited ambition expressed in endeavor, who desiring the rewards of success, has become our big man of today. It is obviously unwise to enact legislation the result of which will be to discourage saving on the part of the man of moderate means.

To kill the goose that lays the golden egg proved ill-advised long ago. To increase the burden at the top and expect thereby to lessen the pressure at the bottom is a fallacy. To drive capital out of productive channels, and to flood the country with tax exempt municipal, county, and state bonds is to stop the wheels of industry. To console oneself in the belief that by increasing the amount of municipal work to be done will permanently relieve unemployment is to attempt to raise oneself by one's boot straps. "Taxation according to ability to pay" is an ingredient of the promised panacea of the visionary Lenine and the volatile Trotzky.

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It is the sacred duty of those entrusted with the determination of policy to be adopted in taxation to do no more harm to production and distribution than is absolutely necessary for the support of the public credit. Prosperity of trade is just as much a factor in the tax yield as is the rate. Taxes should be adjusted to business rather than business to taxes. Consumption and not profit is the proper basis for taxation. A system of taxation under which next year's profits are mortgaged to pay this year's taxes is unsound and breeds a feeling of uncertainty. To flood the country to the point of saturation with municipal, state, and county bonds is dangerous. The present is fraught with dissatisfaction. The future is clouded by uncertainty. There is no relief in aggravating the cause. It is by results that a government or political party is judged.

It is futile to discuss details when the fault is fundamental. Under universal and equal suffrage the temptation is to produce legislation agreeable to that class which can muster the largest numerical strength. The function of Congress is to inspire rather than to reflect the thought of its constituents. However, if Congress is resolved to become a mirror, it behooves those of us who have spent years in the study of economic problems to disseminate the results of our research that men may come to see things as they are, and that the reflection may attain a truer perspective.

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AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

YOUTH is in revolution we are told, but when was it not? Harold Stearns is a vigorous, forceful writer and a leading rebel. His viewpoint, as shown in a series of essays called "America and the Young Intellectuals", published by Doran and Company, is antagonistic to that of most people. He regards Americans as stubbornly going their way in contentment whereas with a little effort they could all be extremely miserable. *Mathema pathema*—why are not these people doleful? Perhaps through sorrow they may attain knowledge and produce a higher, or (agreeing with Mr. Stearns that there is no such thing as progress) a finer civilization.

To use his own simile, he sees the nation as a dung heap out of which the fine flower of art may spring. If the nation has any self conscious assumption, it is its refusal to be so regarded. It insists on its sterile optimism. It insists that the impetuous and slightly hysterical youth—the *revoltés*—shall do something more than abuse those who fail to recognize its genius.

The American people are a little stolid, without question, for they have a dim recollection that the great art of the past was created without so much beating of the tom-toms—so much purely vocal effort.

Mr. Stearn's explanation of the feeling against Great Britain in this country is logical and well done. But he speaks of having "friends in England". This is disappointing. We supposed that this leader of young intellectuals would realize that there is nothing more destructive to the artistic temperament than friendship. No great artist should have friends, and the real reason that Americans are so banal, common-place disgustingly happy, and foolishly optimistic, is because they make friends. We had hoped that Stearns was above such a common-place thing as friendship. We are greatly disappointed, although friends have their uses—they are occasionally good for a meal—and young intellectuals do *eat*.

The author's dismay at the "steady denudation of the United States"—of its imaginative and adventurous and artistically creative young men who find conditions here appalling, will leave most Americans undisturbed. The denuding process is rather confined, we imagine, to a small center. It was another imaginative youth who also announced to his mother that "there were five hundred cats in the back yard".

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Was it Chamfort or La Rochefoucauld who said: "La jeunesse est une ivresse continuelle: c'est la fiévre de la raison"?

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The dropping of H. G. Wells as correspondent of the *London Mail* ought to be a warning but probably will not be to the vainglorious band who have been stuffing the papers with their absurd writings on the Disarmament Conference. American journalism has been one of the powerful factors in modern civilization for democratic institutions because it has been, after all, rather simple and honest—an everyday instrument for better conditions. The humblest reporter, as long as he was sincere and as long as he was satisfied with being a reporter, has contributed to the influence of journalism in this country. When, however, men who take little interest in the primary elections in their own Congressional districts suddenly assume to be statesmen and experts, the only progress that journalism makes under their auspices is along the line of the ridiculous.

What the Washington conference has needed more than the editorials that have been sent out, has been good reporting, and that has been sadly lacking. There was more truth, more understanding, and more intelligence in the simple comments and pictures of E. J. Hill of the *New York Herald* than there was in all the fulsome interpretations of most of the other papers in New York. The best report that we have seen of what was going on in Washington was written by a reporter on the Catholic weekly, *America*.

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The rumor that America's newest and most pretentious author, Mr. Joseph Tumulty, was to return to political activity as the manager of Mr. Herbert Hoover's presidential aspirations, would indicate that it is not alone in finance and art that the world is topsy-turvy. There was no one that Mr. Wilson and his followers were more bitter against in the last year of the Wilson administration than this same Mr. Hoover. That ex-President Wilson has forgiven him what he regarded as his desertion of the cause of the League of Nations is not possible. If there is any truth in the rumor—and we are assured there is, it would seem that the Wilson followers have decided to cut out on their own. It will be interesting to see how far they are able to go without the very able but misguided hand of the man who reposed confidence in them.

Mr. Hoover, of course, must be aware of such a program and must realize that a campaign for the Presidency conducted under these auspices will hardly strengthen him with those who have Republican leanings.

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From the business point of view there can be no greater calamity than

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the election of a Democratic Congress. Yet at the present time that would seem to be almost an inevitable thing.

The hopeful part of the situation, however, is that throughout the country business men are beginning to take an interest in politics because they have been driven hard by the activities of the Agricultural Bloc. No sane business man believes in a business bloc—no sane progressive business man will want anything from legislature that is not for the benefit of the entire country, but there comes a time when it becomes necessary not only to educate the country but to educate legislators, and to stiffen them up to be able to withstand the persuadings of those who have a misguided conception of what this country stands for.

The reactionary Bourbon and Tory element in business is today in a woeful minority. The average business man is as liberal, as broad, and as progressive as Theodore Roosevelt, and if business men enter into politics—put themselves forward as candidates for office—take an active interest in their primaries and are guided by the purpose and spirit of Theodore Roosevelt, they will come very near solving many of the difficulties that confront them at the present day. They will do what is more important—prepare the way for the very vital problems that are going to confront this country and the world in the next ten or twenty years.

* * * * *

Unless the business men of the country educate people as to the difference between sound and unsound taxation, we may well expect that any catch-penny scheme or easy panacea will find many eager followers. The American people are intelligent, but the information, or at least the means for obtaining information, must be placed within their reach. They will just as quickly resent, if facts are dispassionately and fairly presented to them, an angry attack on capital and business as they resented the sixteen to one program of Mr. Bryan in 1896, and as they resented the stubborn disregard of all precedents by Mr. Wilson in 1920. The campaigns of 1922 and 1924 and those of a dozen years thereafter must be fought out on the plan of a sound economic advancement for the prosperity of all our people. The business man should prepare to take his proper and open and frank participation in politics, not only next year, but in the next twenty years. It is not sufficient that one business man in a community make a more or less casual association with those who are professionally interested. It is the duty of every man to contribute some part of his time and some part of his thought to what may seem like drudgery at first but after all is a solemn duty.

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DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

IDEAS ON KITCHENER, WAR AND SOCIALISM

FOUR books have recently been published which, while dealing with vitally different subjects by men in widely separated walks of life, tend towards the same general conclusions; that is to say, war is entirely without beneficial results of any kind in the present day and in the present state of civilization.

One is the story of the struggle of a nation to prepare suddenly for war as exemplified in the case of one great leader; one is the conclusions of a specialist who has observed wars in the field at first hand for thirty years; one is the observations of an authority as to war's upsetting influences upon the mind of the public as exemplified in the up-springing of time honored wild-cat panaceas; and the fourth contains the views of a trained mind as to the results of war among the proletariat. They have no connection one with the other; yet they all bear from different directions toward one common point.

Lord Esher*, like many other cultivated English writers, has the faculty of making his readers feel themselves members of the company of distinguished people who pass through the pages of his books. It is a great art. It not only pleases the reader, it brings out the facts that all men are human, whether they sit in number ten Downing Street or in Billingsgate.

He shows that Kitchener was after all a human being. The tragedy is not that of K of K's death, but of his appointment to a position at the outbreak of the war which he was too old and too set in his ways to occupy successfully. At least that is the view of the author, who because of his close friendship with Lord Kitchener had facilities for knowing the facts granted to few others. It may also be the view of the members of the cabinet and of the high military officials in England and in France. It may be even the correct view. But nevertheless Lord Kitchener will go down in history as one of the greatest generals of the Empire, and as the man who, at the outset of the war, put that Empire upon a military footing and raised and equipped an army of hitherto unbelievable size with a speed and effectiveness entirely beyond the powers of any other individual of his day.

According to the author, Kitchener's life in the east amongst slow-moving peoples and slowly developing events, surrounded by the waste

*"THE TRAGEDY OF KITCHENER," by Reginald Viscount Esher, E. P. Dutton and Company.

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spaces of the desert, had furnished him with a method of planning a campaign slowly and deliberately, of preparing for it with thoroughness and care, and finally of carrying it out with the steadiness of a steam-roller and the inevitableness of fate. This man after many years of such a life, which was in tune with his character, was suddenly at the age of sixty-five thrust into a position that required him to do impossible things in a hurry, to give up all preconceived methods of warfare and invent new ones, and to handle with the smoothest of gloves, members of a cabinet and rival generals of different nations who were suddenly made strange bedfellows by an appalling necessity. Perhaps Kitchener did not do it as well as it should have been done. But it is quite certain that the verdict of history will be that it was an immense stroke of good fortune for the Allies and for England that he was available when the great hour came and that he did more than any other man could have done, though perhaps no one human being could possibly have carried the whole load.

However that may be, the volume itself is a finely executed picture of a great figure, sympathetically drawn by a friend who shows him to have been very human after all. Perhaps Lord K. is all the greater because of this very humanness.

Perhaps, too, his untimely end in the mysterious depths of the North Sea did as much in that dark hour as his living could have done to keep the hearts of Britain stout. At all events, Kitchener accomplished great things for his country in his life, and great things for her in his death. What more could anyone desire for an epitaph?

Mr. Frederick Palmer* is justly known as the leading American war correspondent of his day. Since the early nineties he has been an observer of practically every war that has taken place anywhere in the world. In his earlier days he was allowed to wander up to the front and back, taking in whatever a bright mind could discover, and then to send his dispatches whenever and wherever he could commandeer a wire. Later he, with others of his profession, was more circumscribed. His field was limited, and his dispatches got out with less promptitude. Finally in the World War he was not allowed at the front at all, in common with all correspondents; and then the pendulum swung to the other extreme and correspondents were commanded to go to their work and issue in the form of war dispatches propaganda which should keep up the confidence in the allied cause and the hatred of the enemy in the hearts of those at home. Mr. Palmer has seen more of war than any man in any other age could have seen, because between 1890 and 1918 war changed as it had not changed in centuries before.

When such a man, with the abilities that are his and with such an experience as he has had, sits down to consider the value of armies and of

*"THE FOLLY OF NATIONS," by Frederick Palmer. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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wars today the result is well worth reading. Discount whatever personal equation he, like the rest of us, undoubtedly has; make allowance for the mental effects which the sights he has seen in Flanders, in the Near and Far East, in Turkey and China, in Greece and Siberia, have had upon him; take away any other bias that might be suspected, and Frederick Palmer's conclusions upon war must still be of great moment and value to the world in general. He speaks from a prodigious knowledge. After thirty years of watching war over pretty much all the earth, whatever conclusions he reaches mean something. Roughly speaking, these conclusions are summed up in the title of his book: war is the supreme folly of nations.

No little paragraph like this can give any idea of the arguments and reasons he gives. The book must be carefully read to gather them all, and one gets the idea from such a reading that the author might have doubled the size of his volume and still not repeat himself. All the heroism, all the mental and physical training, all the education of human beings observed from all the military training of thirty years have not counted for as much as a few years of peace in the opinion of this expert observer. If anyone could have watched the almost perfect specimens of manhood, prepared by a generation of peace, go into the trenches and then later could have watched the haggard, wild-eyed, desperate remnant come out—anyone so watching could not give much credit to the ennobling influences of any sort of military training. And this takes no account of the dead and wounded.

The whole book is an attempt of a man fresh from such experiences, who is trying to be calm and judicial, to give to the world while in that calm and judicial state of mind the conclusions upon his specialty after a lifetime of first hand observation. It is a terrible arraignment of the follies of all kind of military training and all kinds of war set down in the interesting fashion which a trained journalist can command.

M. Le Rossignol, the author of "What is Socialism?"* is unquestionably competent to speak upon the history of the socialist movements in the past, and the attitude and tenets of the different socialist movements at work today. He gives a clear and straightforward sketch of many, perhaps all, the important political movements that have striven and are now striving towards socialism, and he argues from the historical method that they are all ineffective as practical, operating methods in gregarious existence.

He may be correct in his conclusions. Certainly he is correct in his statement that no practical attempts have ever been successful.

The vital question, however, is two-fold. If the so-called capitalist

*"WHAT IS SOCIALISM?" by James Edward Le Rossignol. Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

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method is the correct one, why are great masses of human beings dissatisfied with it? And if the so-called socialist method is correct, why does it fail every time it is tried?

The conclusions of the man in the street would be that the present capitalistic system of life is probably not the last word, and that socialism in any of its observed manifestations is not the correct substitute. It seems fairly certain, therefore, that the real basis for ideal existence is something different from either of these. It is as easy for one man as for another to say what this last is. The guess of the imbecile is as good as that of the genius. Under these conditions and the conditions of the world today the value of the work of M. Le Rossignol is in the fact that the author has his feet on the ground, that he tries to keep his head amongst the stars, and that the result is a well-put, convincing argument against the practical efficacy of any known form of socialism. At a time when the list of contemporary publications is filled with books affirming the value of socialism and of the Russian and other contemporary experiments, one book on the other side is interesting and valuable, especially if it is as well done as this one is.

There is nothing approaching a reactionary spirit anywhere in its pages. There is nothing assumed or didactically laid down. It is simply a chronicle of what has actually happened and is happening at the moment. It would be well if many of us could read it and think upon its contents. Many people will do this, though there is a lurking suspicion that those whom it will benefit most will never open its covers. That is unfortunate; but it is only fair to add that the converse would be quite as true.

—LUCAS LEXOW.

HOW MARK SABRE MET HIS WINTER*

IN reading "If Winter Comes" one spends the few years from 1912 through the World War in a little Kate Greenaway village in England and learns of the zeal of English patriotism, the mental workings of the mind of an idealist, and the faith of a better world to come, as related by A. S. M. Hutchinson.

It is an unusually well written novel of very human people grouped around one Mark Sabre who has all the theories of an idealist, misunderstood, and living in the world unappreciated and persecuted.

To a psychologist, the study of Mark Sabre's "I thought today" (he always thought about all sides of everything and never "considered what his eye and ear saw but what his mind saw") will be particularly interesting, as also his ability of seeing all sides of all questions, and as a consequence unable to make stable his own ideals or hold real convictions.

*"IF WINTER COMES," by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Little, Brown and Company.

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For the lover of Nature, "If Winter Comes" holds many delightful pages written as only Mr. Hutchinson can write—as evinced in his earlier books.

To the lover of Country, Mark Sabre is the soul of patriotism. He lives and breathes in his book "This England Is Yours." The few chapters dealing with the World War and the history that was made by the men of the Kate Greenaway village, including Sabre himself who enlisted, contain more of vital interest than is found elsewhere in many volumes.

To the Religionist, Mark Sabre seems to have found one certain conviction through his groping thoughts "that deep down in the abyss of every man's soul is a hunger for other food than earthy," making his whole life self-sacrificing and upright.

Into the world in which our idealist lives came many others, most of them a part of the "winter" of Mark Sabre's life, but it remains to only one (one of the three women for whom the chapters are named) to be able to share with him the "spring"—thus fulfilling the title Mr. Hutchinson has given to his book when he uses as his preface the words of Shelley:

"——— O Wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

—De Witt L. Pelton.

THE ROUNDED AGE OF THIRTY*

MR. STEPHEN McKENNA calls his well written volume "While I Remember", *Memoirs of a Man of Thirty,* explaining that he felt that he must put down his thoughts and memories lest they may be dimmed with age. A reading of the book explain his haste, or even jnstify it. There is nothing that wouldn't have waited—some of it a long time, for it is nearly all unimportant and most of it quite immature.

One part of it deals with the English mission to this country headed by Balfour in 1917. Mr. McKenna kept a diary, but if he noted anything important, he has suppressed it. He dined frequently with Mr. Balfour—a fact of no importance but to himself—and perhaps to Mr. Balfour.

Of illumination there is none, and his diary seems to deal principally with his impressions of the trains he rode on and the joy he felt for being able to wear his top hat and morning coat at a reception.

Such reticence from one of thirty-three is admirable.

—John Stoddard.

*"While I Remember—Memoirs of a Man of Thirty," by Stephen McKenna. George H. Doran Company.

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FOR EAGER AND OPTIMISTIC YOUTH*

MR. EDWIN WILDMAN is no pessimist. Far from believing that civilization is in decay, he holds out to the American youth a future as courageous as any rainbow. This is not done with purely imaginative effort but by going over in his second series of "Famous Leaders of Industry" the lives of men whose careers would be considered by most poets purely common-place and ordinary, and showing the joy of accomplishment. Here we have the portraits of thirty of the big business men of the country from General George W. Goethals and Bartlett Arkell to Frank A. Munsey and the chewing gum king—William Wrigley, Jr.; all pointing out what they were able to accomplish by persistency, hard work, and optimism. It is all very well written, all very healthy, and is the kind of a book that ought to be put into the hands of our budding citizens. —A. E. Low.

WHEN MAN WILL STUDY MANKIND †

SOME years ago Professor James Harvey Robinson was "investigated" by a magazine writer of the muck-raking school and charged with blasting the Rock of Ages, to which the accused demurred while cheerfully admitting he was doing his utmost to blast the Rock of the Middle Ages. He is still at it.

Were he less celebrated, a casual glance at the cover of "The Mind In The Making" would lead one to believe that he had produced a work on psychology or even faith healing. Instead, it is what he prefers to call an essay which traces the story of the mass of genius and junk which *homo sapiens* has carried in his head from the time he first stuck a boar with a sharp stick until he found himself worried with the labor problem, French pastry, the League of Nations, naval ratios, influenza and Freud. In other words, or to be specific, those of Don Marquis, uttered years before the appearance of the volume under review, it shows how "Darwin's ape came to have Darwin's mind." All of which is preparatory to demonstrating that the world's greatest revolution is about to break upon us, a revolution of intellectual liberation brought about by the application of our mental capabilities to the solution of social questions as they have been applied to those of science. Mankind will enter on fertile meadows by studying itself as it has studied natural phenomena.

This work must be read by all who have fallen into the prevalent pessimism on the drift of human affairs since the war and as a result of it. The torch passed on by Socrates, Plato, Galileo, Descartes, Darwin, Pasteur . . . . has crossed Flanders' Fields and will continue to serve us.

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*"FAMOUS LEADERS OF INDUSTRY," Second Series, by Edwin Wildman. The Page Co.
†"THE MIND IN THE MAKING," by James Harvey Robinson. Harper and Brothers.

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Our heritage of intellectual wealth remains intact, but the use of it is impaired by the mass of stupidity likewise inherited. Once we overcome our fear of throwing overboard what has been passed on to us by the persecutors of the very benefactors just named, then shall we find the theories of the two Nicoli—Lenin and Murray Butler—equally worthless, for the problems they have been set up to meet shall disappear.

Those familiar with earlier writing of Professor Robinson need not be told that his latest volume is neither written down for the mob nor up for the intellectuals, but rather in a lively vernacular equal to that of Wells, Brisbane, or Shaw. —GABRIEL S. YORKE.

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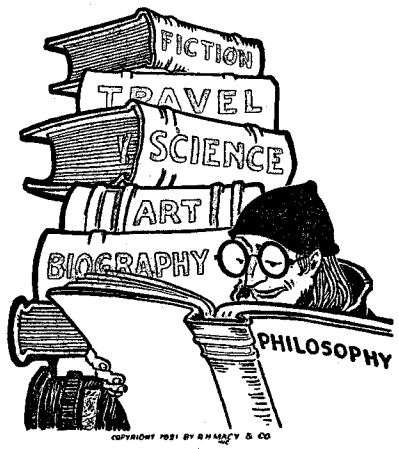

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